The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1889.

The Week.

THE Senate Tariff Bill seems destined to expire for want of friends, either in the House or in the country. The coldness with which it has been received by those who should have been its supporters, leads to the belief that it was never intended or desired by the Senate Finance Committee that it should become a law, but, on the contrary, that the present tariff—the tariff of 1883—should stand undisturbed. The large protected interests, and especially the protected Trusts, are satisfied with things as they are. They want no change at all. Therefore a bill of the "cranky" kind, as, for example, one increasing the duty on carpet wool 60 per cent., and on tin plate 100 per cent.—a bill carrying plenty of explosive material to blow itself up with—would suit all the monopolies perfectly. Such a measure is the Senate Tariff Bill It has met its predestined fate in the report of the Ways and Means Committee. The resolution which accompanies the report, however, challenging the right of the Senate under the Constitution to bring in an entirely new measure, is not by any means conclusive. Of course it is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, but if the Senate may "propose or concur with amendments, as on other bills," there is no limit to the number of amendments. These may relate to every section and line of the bill. They may be introduced separately or in a lump. That the spirit of the Constitution is violated seems clear, but it was more distinctly violated in 1883, when the Senate took a House bill relating solely to internal revenue, and grafted on it a new tariff bill complete in all its parts, which tariff was finally juggled through a conference committee and became law.

The refusal of the Senate to confirm Hugh S. Thompson as Civil-Service Commissioner in the place of Judge Edgerton is perhaps as justifiable as anything of the kind it has ever done. It was very discreditable to leave Judge Edgerton in office till the last moment, considering that the old fellow had for years made no secret of his bad faith in holding the office. The only way of accounting for his retention is the supposition that in this, as in the general management of the offices in Indiana, the President was acting on what we have called the local-option theory—that is, that States which liked the spoils system were entitled to have the spoils system, and States which liked the merit system were entitled to have the merit system. But to put Mr. Thompson in his place would not have mended matters, even if he had been put in sooner, for Mr. Thompson is not a genuine civil-service reformer. His name appears attached to one of the orders (April 21, 1888) addressed to Mr. McMullen, the Appraiser, compelling him to restore to the service, in a fraudulent manner, the examiner, McElwee, dismissed for drunkenness and insubordination. Anybody who was voluntarily mixed up in this transaction cannot be considered a fit person to be charged with the execution of the Civil-Service Act, for this was an attempt to evade or override the law in one of its most salutary provisions, by extorting from a subordinate a false representation, and procuring from the examining board a fraudulent certificate.

Mr. Edgerton has been giving the public another taste of his quality by writing a letter to the President in the Junius style, "scarifying" him for turning him out. He taunts him for relying so much on Mugwump support, and also, with more justice, for not removing him (Edgerton) sooner, as he had long made no concealment of his views. The Judge is evidently an old-fashioned blatherskite as well as an old-fashioned Democrat, and his invective is very poor stuff; it is these very things which make the letter somewhat damaging to the President. That he should ever have put a man capable of writing it in any place of trust, and kept him there, must be a subject of painful reflection. The only approach to an explanation of Edgerton we have ever heard was that he was recommended by the late Chief-Justice Waite; but the Chief Justice was probably an old friend, and men of his generation were apt to consider an elderly man who wore a blue coat with brass buttons fit for any office he could get—which, by the by, was George the Third's view.

Senator Hoar, we are glad to see, has called for the production of the evidence on which Byrne's report was based, and we learn that Mr. Fairchild is preparing another "statement" about "the frauds," which will be ready in a few days. This one, when it appears, will be the fourth. His first was in a letter to Mr. George William Curtis, the second to a reporter of the *Times*, the third to a reporter of the *Evening Post;* this last being illumined by the suggestion that the *Evening Post* was fighting the Government on behalf of "moneyed interests in New York." Not one of these statements tells what the frauds were, or who committed them, or why the persons who committed them were not brought to justice. We trust this forthcoming one will be more satisfactory. Mr. Fairchild must know by this time who the importers were who procured the frauds and profited by them; on what entries, on what days, the frauds occurred; the extent of the undervaluations, and the loss the Government sustained by them; and the names and addresses of the examiners and brokers who perpetrated them. Knowing these facts, he must know also that it is, under the United States Law (Rev. Stat., sec. 5444), his duty to procure the indictment and conviction of the officers guilty of committing or conniving at the fraud or frauds. It is not optional with him whether he will prosecute them or content himself with their dismissal. He is bound to prosecute as well as to dismiss them. The persons concerned in the "frauds" exposed by Byrne are all at large. Not one of them has been arrested or committed for trial. Not one, as far as we have heard, has run away. And yet the horror excited by the frauds seems to grow steadily in certain official and journalistic circles.

The latest rumors about the Harrison Cabinet give it a very Blaineish aspect. One of the most interesting of them pertains to an alleged cipher despatch from Mr. Windom (who went to Indianapolis presumably to accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury), to "Steve" Elkins. It is said to have been sent immediately after Mr. Windom's interview with Gen. Harrison, and is taken as evidence that Elkins is directing the construction of the Cabinet. If this be a correct inference, it will be interesting to note the effect of the information upon "Boss" Quay. Aside from Mr. Wanamaker, Quay does not appear now to have succeeded in getting any especial protégé of his into the Cabinet, and Wanamaker was a good Blaine man before he became a Harrison man, as any one would have said without asking for information on the point. But Quay was not a Blaine man, and is not believed to be one now. If it shall prove true that Elkins has supplanted him as manager of the new Administration, it will only be fresh evidence that the Blaine managers have got a mortgage upon Gen. Harrison and are foreclosing it without mercy. We will add that Mr. Windom's brief career as Secretary of the Treasury under President Garfield was successful and creditable. He accomplished the refunding of the 5:20 bonds into 3 and 3½ per cents by the use of a hand stamp. This was done, according to stories current at the time, in spite of the vigorous opposition of Mr. Blaine, who had his own ideas about funding and wanted to dominate every department of the Administration. Since his retirement from office, Mr. Windom has been identified with the Broadway Arcade Railroad project in this city.

The Ohio *State Journal* insists that "the only *objection against* John Wanamaker" is that he gave a considerable sum of money to the Republican campaign fund, and raised another considerable sum from other contributors. This is considered by the *State Journal* to be a "a hypocritical objection." But our Ohio contemporary overlooks the most essential part of the case. What the hypocrites are saying is, that the only thing *in favor of* Wanamaker as a candidate for a Cabinet position is that he gave and raised the money aforesaid. We will for the moment pass over the possible or prob-

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able use made of the money, "the blocks-of-five," and that sort of thing, and repeat the question in its least offensive form. Has Mr. Wanamaker ever done anything entitling him to a Cabinet position except to raise money for campaign purposes? Was he ever prominent in politics before? Do his claims bear any other color than that of money? Would he ever have been thought of for a place in the Cabinet if he had not contributed or raised this money? Shall it be established for a precedent that a certain amount of cash entitles the giver or the financier to the position of Secretary of the Navy or Postmaster-General? If so, there will never be a campaign hereafter without a boodle candidate for a Cabinet position. We say a boodle candidate because that phrase describes the terms of his reward, whether the money was used for good purposes or bad. It is the purchase of a Cabinet position outright, and no other phrase defines the transaction. We say further that if Wanamaker is appointed, it will be the first time in the history of the Republic that such a thing has been done. The appointment of A. T. Stewart by President Grant is no parallel case. Mr. Stewart was not appointed because he had given or raised money for the campaign. The appointment was the whim of an inexperienced man. Nobody thought of Stewart's campaign contribution when his name was sent in. Everybody thinks of Wanamaker's. Nobody thinks of anything else when his name is mentioned. Even the Ohio *State Journal* thinks of that and nothing else, as the whole drift of its article about "a hypocritical objection" shows.

It is not possible to ascertain with accuracy the degree of protection granted Republican chiefs of division under this Administration by a mere comparison of blue-books. It is true, for instance, that in the offices of the First and Second Comptrollers of the Treasury no one can now be found at the head of a division who was there in March, 1885, but simple justice demands that the facts should be clearly brought out that Mr. Garrison, one of the chiefs in the First Comptroller's office, was, on account of his experience and efficiency, promoted by Mr. Cleveland to be Deputy Comptroller, which position he continues to hold to this day, and that a Republican clerk was made chief in his place. In that office there are but four chiefships. One of these is filled to-day by a young man who came into the service by means of a competitive examination, and who attended to his duties with such diligence as to deserve the chiefship which became vacant by the death of the incumbent, who, by the way, was an old Democrat, appointed by Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury before the war. The successor of Mr. Garrison died shortly after his appointment, and his place was filled by a Democrat. In the Second Comptrolier's office an able and industrious clerk, though known to be a Republican, was taken from the ranks and placed at the head of the Naval Division. In the whole Treasury Department there have been retained, according to our information, eighteen out of the seventy-five chiefs of division. In the State Department, with the exception of three or four high and confidential places, not a post has been filled except through the Civil-Service Commission, and the clerks selected by that means do not number half-a-dozen. Mr. Bancroft, the librarian, was chosen without any consultation with politicians. Mr. More, the Third Assistant Secretary, was raised from a clerkship, which he had obtained by reason of his own merits as disclosed by the examination papers forwarded from the Civil-Service Commission. Mr. Adee was found a Third Assistant Secretary, and, after Mr. Hunter's death, was advanced a step, notwithstanding his Republican politics. The old chiefs are now on hand; the clerks who rallied around Mr. Blaine in 1881 are there with ranks almost unbroken to welcome him again, and among them one who, though he was known to be Mr. Blaine's especial favorite, and his private secretary during the campaign of 1884, has been treated by Mr. Bayard and his associates with uniform consideration.

Mr. Cabot Lodge made a most extraordinary speech in the House of Representatives on Wednesday week. According to the report published in the Boston *Journal*, he said that "he had heard the denunciation of United States bayonets and United States Supervisors interfering with elections in the States. He was perfectly willing that there should be a United States Supervisor, *and, if necessary, a file of United States soldiers, at every polling-place in his district.* He was not afraid to have them overlook his election, and see how the people of his district voted; and what was fair for one was fair for all." The *Congressional Record* of Thursday did not contain the speech, stating that Mr. Lodge "withholds his remarks for revision." The explanation is to be found in a Washington despatch of Wednesday evening to the Springfield *Republican*, which says: "The declaration of Mr. Lodge to-day that he would be willing to have a file of United States soldiers at every polling-place in his district, is causing a deal of comment to-night. Mr. Lodge has been advised to strike the passage out of the *Record*. If he attempts this, attention will undoubtedly be called to the change by some Democratic member, and the insertion of a correct copy of the reporter's notes will be demanded. Members of the Massachusetts delegation express great surprise that he was betrayed into such an utterance, and some of the Southern Republican Representatives say that they advocate no such doctrine, and that the Republican party can make no progress in the South if it does advocate it." A more pitiable exhibition of "the scholar in politics" has perhaps never been presented than this defence of the use of troops at the polls by a man who should be presumed to know something not only about the history of the long struggle to free civil elections from military interference, but also about the historical attitude of Massachusetts towards this question, as last illustrated in the imposing mass-meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, January 15, 1875, "to utter a solemn protest against military interference with the Legislature of our sister State of Louisiana."

The Iowa *State Register* publishes a very refreshing article addressed to the spoliation sentiment of that State on the subject of the attack by the Railroad Commissioners and the Legislature on railroad property. Such an attack, it says, would not be possible if any considerable part of the railroads of Iowa were owned by citizens of the State. The property is virtually taken out of the hands of the owners because the owners are not Iowans. The people of the State are simply helping themselves to other people's money because the other people are non-residents. This is a bold saying for an Iowa newspaper, but it is a true one, and the *Register* says that no tide of popular clamor shall deter it from proclaiming the truth on all fitting occasions. It warns the people of Iowa that they are taking a short-sighted view of their own interests in this matter, since it is quite certain that capital will be deterred from coming into the State, either for railroads or for other purposes, by such proceedings as are now witnessed. The repudiating States have been severely let alone by capitalists, and the confiscating States will meet the same fate. The *Register* goes one step further, and acknowledges that in its zeal for liquor prohibition it has wrongfully overlooked the rights of property invested in breweries and other fixed capital, for which recompense ought to have been made when the property was destroyed by law.

There are encouraging signs of a popular uprising in Rhode Island which will put an end to the prohibition folly which has done the State such serious harm during the past few years. The first step towards the change was taken on Wednesday week, when the lower house of the Legislature, by a vote of 45 to 25, rejected a proposal to engraft the injunction clause of the Kansas Prohibitory Law upon the statute-books. This proposal has been urged by the Prohibitionists with great zeal, and as the agitation has advanced it has been recognized by both sides that the failure of the proposal would involve the safety of the present prohibitory law. During Wednesday's debate a petition, signed by 625 names, and representing millions of dollars of taxable property, was presented, asking for a resubmission of the prohibition question to a vote of the people. It is thought by the best judges of the situation that the Legislature will vote to resubmit the question, and that the ultimate result will be the repeal of the present law.

A bill has been introduced and passed to a second reading in the Pennsylvania Legislature to grant a bounty for the killing of foxes, minks, and skunks in that State. A

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correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who says that he has been a furrier all his life, and is familiar with the prices which such skins sell for, declares that there has never been a time when the price obtained for their hides has not been a sufficient inducement to catch them. Foxes to-day, he says, are worth from $1 to $2.50; skunks, 50 cents to $1.50; minks, 50 cents to $1.50, while peculiarly valuable ones sometimes sell as high as $10. He, therefore, thinks that the bill should be called an "act to donate about $100,000 per annum to the hunters and farmers' boys of this State." Granted; but why should not the Pennsylvania Legislature pass such an act. The Federal Legislature passes tariff laws of which Senator Plumb says that "the manufacturers get practically the sole benefit." It is time for the hunters and farmers' boys to "have a whack" at the public treasury.

The cable forwarded last week another of those ridiculous despatches which reach us and all the newspapers from time to time, announcing the inheritance by "the Russian branch of the Leslie family" of a fortune of $50,000,000 in England, payment of which is made conditional on their becoming English subjects. The object of the despatch is, doubtless, to prepare the minds of American heirs for similar windfalls, such as are every now and then announced by the numerous swindling claim-agents who live on their credulity. In all or nearly all these swindles, the payment of the legacy is made dependent on absolutely arbitrary conditions, with which the transmission of property is not saddled in any civilized country. The Queen or the Lord Chancellor is holding on to it, or the Peers will not pass an act authorizing its payment without getting a "divvy." If American heirs will bear in mind that England is, like this, a country governed by known laws, that legacies are protected and transmitted there precisely as they are here, under existing acts of Parliament and the decisions of the courts, and that "the Crown" has no more right to impose conditions on a lawful heir than the President has, they will be saved many a ten-dollar bill. Whenever they are told of some difficulty in getting their inheritance in England which does not exist here, they may be sure that the "confidence man" is after them.

The testimony of Pigott, who supplied the London *Times* with the Parnell letters, would probably of itself have done little to establish their authenticity. That question will be settled in the judges' minds mainly by internal evidence—that is, the handwriting of the letters and the comparison of the signatures with others of Parnell's. But his testimony may do a good deal to damage the case of the *Times* generally, owing to his recklessness. For instance, it was plainly a great mistake to draw from him the assertion that Labouchere of *Truth* had offered him £1,000 to admit that he forged them. Of course Labouchere will deny this, and he will deny it with overwhelming force, because he is noted for his shrewdness and worldly wisdom. The most malignant of his enemies would not accuse him of simplicity or indiscretion in dealing with sharpers, or charlatans, or blackmailers of any description. His experience of this class has been very great, and they have no more deadly enemy in the press or police court. He is much more likely to have extracted an offer from Pigott to swear they were forged for £1,000, than to have made him an offer if he would do it. It is now no secret that Pigott offered to sell the letters to Labouchere before he took them to the *Times*, of course with the expectation that it would be worth that sum to the Home-Rulers and the Irish party to get them out of the way. Whether Labouchere has any proof of this beyond his own word remains to be seen. But the mere fact that the letters were hawked about for sale, and that the *Times* finally paid a great price for them, must give their authenticity a deadly blow in the public mind. The law of demand and supply governs forged letters as well as other things. As soon as it appears plain that there is a market for documents which will damage a man, they are apt to be produced in sufficient quantities. In this matter Pigott has shown more sagacity than in other transactions of his life, because he appears to be a broken-down and generally despised old fellow.

The eviction of tenants on Mr. Gladstone's, or rather his son's, estate at Hawarden, for non-payment of rent, is giving great satisfaction to the Unionists, and they are making merry over it. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, we learn by the cable, has been making some sort of defence of it. We do not know what the special circumstances of the case are, but there is one general defence which any English landlord who happens to be a Home-Ruler, can always make for evictions in England, based on the central fact of the whole Irish agitation about land. That is, that in England the landlord erects and keeps in order all the farm buildings, and fences, and does all the draining—in fact, plays the part that the landlord of a city house does. In Ireland as a general rule, to which there are but few exceptions, the improvements which now exist in the island are the result of the unprotected labor of the tenants, who have been charged increasing rents on the additions made by their own industry to the value of the farms—additions which, in a vast number of cases, have consisted in the absolute reclamation of the farm from a state of undrained bog or moor. It is not uncommon for Unionist speakers to point out the large number of evictions which take place annually in New York city without resistance or remark, as an illustration of the unreasonableness of the Irish in objecting to evictions at home; but this argument, of course, owes whatever value it has to ignoring the Irish tenant's share in creating the property from which he is evicted, and the difference between buildings on coveted spots in a great city and farms in remote regions, which owe all their value to the industry of the occupier.

The resignation of M. Floquet without warning to the Chamber, after defeat on the mere question of adjourning the debate on the revision of the Constitution, seems to show that he was tired out, and was only waiting for a decent excuse for retiring. Any other explanation would impute to him unpardonable levity. The probabilities are that he was completely demoralized by the result of the Paris election, and despaired of making further head against the Boulangist tide. President Carnot will try for a few days to form a new Ministry, but is very unlikely to find a man willing to form one at the present juncture, in a Parliament which is already discredited in the popular eyes, and will be more discredited than ever through Floquet's hasty resignation. After some futile efforts, he will doubtless have to resort to dissolution, for which everybody is now looking; and if the country sends up a Boulangist majority, which will provide for the revision of the Constitution under Boulanger's direction, we may bid good-by to the republic. Boulanger will become first President, then dictator—the sorriest that has ever appeared in a great nation—and after that nobody knows what will happen. He cannot become a President of the American type. He will be simply a shabby Cæsar, without either talents or character, and France will be in a deeper slough of despond than she has ever been. He will be helped rather than hindered by the near approach of the Exposition. That is, the Parisians will want to have the crisis over before the Exposition opens, and they will hardly care how it ends, provided it ends in time for that. They will doubtless be pleased, too, to have a President who looks showy on horseback to conduct the ceremonies and receive the foreigners, even if he is a charlatan. A great people making an idol of an arrant humbug and impostor is a new spectacle, but one which the new age will probably furnish now and then. It is perhaps in that direction more than any other that democracy will make its mistakes.

The Tribunal of Commerce, before which an application was made to declare the Panama Canal Company bankrupt on the ground that it is a commercial company, has decided that it is a commercial company, thus upsetting the Panama Canal Company's plea, based on the recent decision of the Tribunal of the Seine, that it is a civil concern, and that the Tribunal of Commerce had therefore no jurisdiction in the matter. If this decision be maintained, it will put an end to all efforts to turn the Panama Company over to any new syndicate or combination, to issue new loans and exploit the remains "for all it is worth." The decision means that any creditor or any security-holder of the company can force it into bankruptcy and sell its assets (if any) under the hammer.

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SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

Republican politicians and Republican organs are filled with disgust at the shameless conduct of the Democratic Administration in trying to fill offices with Democrats, notwithstanding the election of a Republican President last November. During the last three months, scores of offices have fallen vacant by reason of the expiration of the terms of the incumbents, and Mr. Cleveland is roundly censured for his temerity in nominating successors. In some cases vacancies have occurred through death, and the President has provoked the censure of his opponents by naming Democrats to fill the vacancies. In at least one instance he has removed a Democratic incumbent of an office, Civil-Service Commissioner Edgerton, in order to put another Democrat, Mr. Thompson, in the place, apparently from personal rather than public considerations.

Much of this talk is simply amusing for its impudence. Republicans complain that the Democrats are "greedy" because Democrats are named for offices at the expiration of terms, in face of the two facts, that these offices fall vacant now because a Republican President appointed men to them four years ago, after the election of a Democrat in 1884, and that the Republicans whom Mr. Arthur thus installed after Mr. Cleveland's election have been allowed to hold their offices throughout a Democratic Administration. To inveigh against the office-grabbing propensity of Democrats under such circumstances represents a climax of audacity which only such unselfish patriots as "Bill" Chandler can maintain with a sober face.

So, too, it requires a good deal of brass for Republicans to complain when Mr. Cleveland names a man of his own party to succeed another Democrat upon the latter's death, as in the nomination of Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson to take the place of the late Judge Merrick of the District of Columbia Supreme Court. A number of Republican office-holders died during the four months between Mr. Cleveland's election and inauguration, but in not a single instance did Mr. Arthur fail to nominate other Republicans to succeed them. Nobody then presumed to suggest that, as the Democrats were coming into power, it would be indecorous to saddle Republican office-holders upon the new Administration.

In like manner it seems somewhat inconsistent for Republicans to complain of a Democratic President for attempting official changes like the recent one in the Civil-Service Commission in order to oblige a personal friend, when one recalls the shamelessness with which Mr. Arthur, Mr. Hayes, and Gen. Grant used the public service to pay off obligations to political supporters and to secure good places for friends and relatives. Nothing that has been charged against Mr. Cleveland in this respect begins to approach the notorious and admitted facts in the record of his Republican predecessors.

At the same time, all civil-service reformers will welcome every indication, of whatever sort, that the use of the civil service for purely personal and partisan purposes is coming more and more under the ban. If Mr. Arthur had made such an appointment as that of Mr. Stevenson to the District of Columbia bench four years ago, it would have been almost universally accepted as the natural thing; and it is a good sign that public sentiment now so generally resents the nomination of the Illinois politician on the ground that he does not possess the special qualifications demanded. The attempted substitution of Mr. Thompson for Mr. Edgerton as Civil-Service Commissioner does not begin to compare in impropriety with Mr. Arthur's gift of a paymastership to a near relative who would shortly go upon the retired list with a pension by reason of age; but the latter passed almost without protest, while the former is severely condemned.

We have heard a great deal, and very justifiably, about the disgraceful extent to which the Democrats have carried politics in the postal service, but really nothing has been brought to light which is worse than the evils that prevailed under Republican rule and are now forgotten, so short is the public memory. Senator Plumb of Kansas recently presented a letter from the business manager of the Kansas City (Mo.) *Journal*, a Republican organ, complaining of "the present demoralized condition of the Western mail service." A few days later Senator Vest of Missouri produced from the files letters from the very same man written in 1882, bringing equally and even more severe complaints against the mail service under Arthur. An editorial article in the *Journal* of September 12, 1882, said: "From every source in Kansas where the Missouri Pacific extends, there come bitter complaints of the mails. Late, late, always late, from one to twenty-four hours. We have hitherto borne this annoyance and positive loss—for it is a serious loss to the Kansas City morning papers—without public complaint; but when our patrons take up the cry and charge the fault at our doors, we must state the facts in self-defence, if nothing more. The one thing which would make our hearts glad and our patrons happy would be a regular mail service along the line on this road, which could be run on time for thirty consecutive days."

The explanation of these gross delinquencies under the Arthur Administration is very simple, and was thus given by Mr. Vest:

"I had occasion once before to state a single fact which came to the knowledge of my colleague and myself in regard to the appointment of railway postal clerks under the Administration of the late President Arthur. It came within our personal knowledge that the patronage of the State of Missouri as to railway postal clerks was divided—one-half of it, the eastern half, going to Chauncey I. Filley, and the western half to Col. R. T. Van Horn. There was a factional fight in the Republican party within the State, and in order to bring about that placid and ecstatic condition of political feeling that was necessary to the success of the party, there was a line drawn through the middle of the State from the Iowa to the Arkansas line, and one-half of the patronage was given to Mr. Filley and one-half was given to Col. Van Horn, and that instruction from the Postmaster-General to the appointing clerk of the Post-office Department was put in writing. The result was that men were put in office utterly incompetent, and there were thirty-four of them in office when Cleveland's Administration came into existence, many of them from other States, of whom we had never heard in the State of Missouri; but the exigencies of political warfare demanded their appointment and their retention."

The hopeful feature of the situation is that public sentiment would not permit Gen. Harrison, should he be so disposed—which there is no warrant for charging—to make such a division of the patronage of a State as was made under Mr. Arthur, and not only made, but then accepted as natural and reasonable. The revelation of the bargain half-a-dozen years ago would not have created a great sensation, whereas now such a disclosure would do irreparable harm to an Administration. Civil-service reformers, therefore, while not concealing their amused contempt for the hypocrisy of Republican talk about Democratic greed, may well feel encouraged at the multiplying signs that the public sentiment to which both Republicans and Democrats must bow grows more pronounced every day against the spoils system. The people will not stand now what they accepted, almost without grumbling, only a few years ago. Voters have expected more of Mr. Cleveland than they did of Mr. Arthur. They will expect more of Gen. Harrison than of Mr. Cleveland, and they will condemn more unsparingly abuses under Gen. Harrison than they did under Mr. Cleveland. The irresistible tide of enlightened public opinion sets more and more strongly against the spoils system.

THE McELWEE EPISODE.

The careless reader of the newspapers, on seeing the above heading, will probably ask, "Who is McElwee?" McElwee is an examiner at the Custom-house, and "the McElwee episode" is a luminous illustration of what civil-service reform ought *not* to be. The first appearance of McElwee in history was in May of last year, before the Hale Investigating Committee. It was there testified by Mr. McMullen that McElwee's removal had been recommended to the Secretary of the Treasury for "drunkenness and insubordination," and he was accordingly removed in or about August, 1887. He remained out of the service until March, 1888, when Mr. McMullen received a communication removing several of his subordinates, but "suggesting that he (McElwee) be recommended by you for reinstatement." There was no explanation, no expression of opinion about the man. The letter did not say, "I think the charge of drunkenness and insubordination on which you obtained his removal was unfounded," or, "I am satisfied that he is now a seasoned teetotaler, who can be safely trusted with responsible duties." It simply said: "It is suggested that he be recommended by you for reinstatement"—that is, reinstated in spite of Mr. McMullen's knowledge that he was "drunken and insubordinate."

Mr. McMullen testified that he had no choice but to obey; that he looked on the Secretary's "suggestion" as a command, and he accordingly recommended the reinstate-

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ment of this man whom he knew to be drunken and insubordinate, thus conniving at a fraud on the Government and on the American people. On the receipt at Washington of this false and fraudulent "recommendation," McElwee was restored to the service as an examiner by an order of Secretary Fairchild nominally, but really of Assistant-Secretary Maynard, dated March 26, 1888.

A day or two later it was discovered that this summary mode of reinstating a drunken insubordinate would not do—that he must get back again by the civil-service gates; and the order of March 26 was accordingly revoked on the 21st of April, and poor Mr. McMullen was requested to "make a requisition on the Board of Civil-Service Examiners for a certificate for the reinstatement of McElwee." The reason of this was, that the Civil-Service Commissioners at Washington, having heard of McElwee's summary restoration, had warned the Secretary of the Treasury that it was illegal; that McElwee, having been removed for "delinquency and misconduct," could not be restored to the eligible list in the manner proposed, or at all within a year. This was an awkward situation. The escape from it was effected by altering or overriding the rules by an ingenious device. The Civil-Service Commission at Washington was induced to rule that the request of a department for the recertification of an employee removed for misconduct, was prima-facie evidence that he had not been removed for misconduct, and was mandatory on the Board of Examiners—in other words, that the Department could certify to a falsehood, and make the falsehood serve the purpose of truth. Accordingly, McElwee was restored over McMullen's head on the 5th of May, 1888, and in the teeth of evidence of the clearest kind that he had been drunken and insubordinate, and in the absence of all evidence that any change had taken place in his morals or manners.

What did this interest in McElwee mean? Why did the Secretary connive at these dishonest and demoralizing practices in behalf of a person of McElwee's description? It was impossible to answer this question satisfactorily until the Byrne report appeared. That contains the explanation. Byrne began his operations in New York by detective work—that is, by going about, "concealing his identity," to use his own words, towards the end of 1886. He describes himself as visiting any person who would be likely to know anything about the employees in the Appraiser's Department, and trying, through gossip or otherwise, to hear of something to the personal discredit of any of them, and particularly of Dr. Sherer. In this way he learned from one man that Sherer was the Turkish Consul, but that "the Turks were disgusted with him."

These operations of course were heard of in the Custom-house long before he entered on his judicial functions in the summer of 1887, and naturally filled the officers of the Appraiser's Department with prejudice against him and hostility to him. A magistrate who mounts the bench to administer justice in the double character of judge and prosecutor, after having himself collected some of the evidence in the humble rôle of a "shadow," naturally finds the poor prisoners considerably incensed against him. They all, in the most impudent and insubordinate manner, according to Byrne, denied to him, when put on oath, all knowledge of frauds or undervaluations in the sugar department, except one, and this was McElwee. Now McElwee was then, and had probably been for some time, under an alcoholic cloud, so to speak. In plainer English, his prospects were dimmed and his standing discredited by his fondness for liquor. Removal at the hands of the wicked McMullen appeared clearly among the possibilities of a not very remote future. To him, therefore, Byrne appeared as a sail on the horizon to a shipwrecked mariner afloat in an open boat. He hailed Byrne promptly, and offered to tell all he knew if he would take him aboard. We consequently soon find in the report eulogies of McElwee. He "testified honestly and fearlessly," and for this the wicked McMullen suspended him. Indeed, when McMullen heard of McElwee's testimony, "his rage," Byrne says, "could not be kept within bounds," and the old gentleman "exhibited his rage in a most unbecoming manner." The dislike of McElwee felt by his brother officers finally "crystallized into a charge of intemperance," which, of course, was all slander, or, anyhow, "exceedingly ancient." In a final burst of praise, Byrne says:

> "I would call attention to the reports made by this officer on 'Violations of the Regulations,' annexed to this testimony (Exhibit 101), and made at my request, evidencing the ability of that officer, and his worthy desire to place before the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury all facts in his possession as to irregularities in the treatment of imported sugar for duty, with a view towards the impartial enforcement of existing Treasury regulations."

The dénouement of the comedy is exactly what it ought to be. As soon as McElwee was restored, his old enemy appears to have again assailed him. In other words, his feeling of satisfaction and security "crystallized," as Byrne says, into intemperance. He appears, from the testimony taken on his trial here, to have begun drinking again as early as June last, and we suppose has been taking "a little something" at intervals ever since. Finally, about three weeks ago, it became too bad to go longer unnoticed, and he was once more put on trial for being drunk on duty and making a mess of his official memoranda. The result is still unknown. His case has been reported to Washington, and is there under deep deliberation. We have tried to get photographs of the latest official writings of this eminent public servant for publication, but the Government was too sharp for us, and they are buried in the official archives. If ever the full history of the "sugar frauds" is written, they will doubtless be laid before a long-suffering people. But we venture to predict that McElwee will be neither acquitted nor convicted. His case will remain under deliberation until the 4th of March, and then float down the stream of time as "unfinished business." It is a funny but disgraceful episode.

THE LARMON TAX BILL.

A BILL has been introduced into the Assembly of this State, by Mr. Larmon of Washington County, which might justly be entitled "An Act to Increase the Burden of Taxation upon the Consciences of the Taxpayers." With a few verbal alterations, it is the same measure that was last year presented by Mr. Brundage. Its aim is to equalize the taxation of realty and personalty. To holders of mortgaged estates it offers most generous and substantial relief. Until the expiration of the contracts under which they gave these mortgages, it would enable them to deduct from the interest pledged to their creditors the amount of the taxes levied upon the assessment of the mortgages. In so far as these creditors are individuals resident within the State, their protestations would probably enlist but little sympathy, since the proposed act would merely insure the collection of taxes which are already in name imposed upon them. But in the case of mortgages held by savings-banks and mutual-insurance companies, the situation is different. By law as well as in fact, such mortgages have been exempt from taxation. When the money for them was loaned, it was not loaned at the entire value of its usufruct, but at the value which would remain to the borrower after he had paid the claims of the State. A tax-law, therefore, which should a second time deduct the amount of these State claims from the interest received by the creditor, would be the enforcement of double taxation against institutions which it has heretofore been deemed public policy to favor. Where the holders of the mortgages are residents in other States, a still further complication arises. The case becomes almost identical with that of the State tax on foreign-held bonds, which was decided unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States (R. R. v. Pennsylvania, 15 Wall, 323).

It is not, however, our present purpose to protest against this provision affecting the obligation of contracts. The remainder of the bill deserves, perhaps, even stronger condemnation. The Larmon bill is the last and perhaps the most perfect of the measures which have been presented in nearly every State to force upon the holders of personal property the alternative of taxation or perjury. It requires every taxable inhabitant to return a list of all his property liable to taxation, "no matter where situated," including all moneys loaned, invested, or deposited, and all credits owing him by any solvent person or persons, body corporate or body politic (except stock in corporations otherwise taxed), "with an averment that he has not invested or transferred any portion of his personal property, or entered into any agreement or incurred any obligation or liability for the purpose of avoiding taxation." Deduction is permitted for "debts owing in good faith," but only in so far as such debts are "in excess of all non-taxable securities" owned by the taxpayers.

That such an act would result in demoralizing the public conscience without materially increasing the burdens resting up-

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on personal property, does not need to be redemonstrated. Yet the fact that this bill, after being defeated in one Legislature, should be introduced into the next, and that similar measures, increasing in the strenuousness of their provisions, are being presented in nearly every State in the Union, does demand public attention. It makes clear the truth that the taxation of personal property is not soon to be abandoned, and therefore, since it cannot be abolished, it must be reformed.

Thus far the attitude of the cities towards reforms in State taxation has been chiefly that of obstruction. Some of the arguments which are now being urged against the Larmon bill are as demonstrably absurd as is the attempt of that measure to reach personal property beyond the borders of the State. Particularly is this true of the position taken by the single-tax advocates, who, perceiving that perhaps three-quarters of the taxation imposed upon real estate rests upon land, are enthusiastically urging that the taxation of personal property be abandoned. The most influential newspaper that has espoused this cause, puts forth the claim that were all taxation levied upon land alone, its burden would be justly distributed among the whole people. This is equivalent to saying that were a 6 per cent. blanket mortgage placed upon all the farms in the State, their owners could advance the prices of grain sufficiently to remain as prosperous as now. The rental value of land depends entirely upon the advantages which it affords above those of other land yielding less rent or no rent. The value of these advantages is in no way increased or diminished by greater or less taxation. Taxes upon land rest precisely where they are put.

Yet the single-tax men who recognize the truth, are persistently maintaining, that were all taxes levied upon land alone, it would be the cities and not the country which would pay more than now. Last month Mr. Thomas G. Shearman urged this point before the Legislature of Ohio. For the keenness with which he presented statistics bearing remotely upon the question at issue, his address was admirable. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Shearman failed to make use of some statistics bearing directly upon the question, which were prepared by the State Board of Equalization in 1880. The report of that body contains the assessed value of all the real estate in the commonwealth—land and buildings being listed separately. We have compiled the returns there given for the various counties, and find that, in the cities, towns, and villages of the State, land constituted 54 per cent. of the value of the realty, while on the farms it constituted 86 per cent. Less than half of the population of Ohio is agricultural, yet the value of its farm land is more than 70 per cent. of the total value of the land of the State.

If Mr. Shearman had gone further, and studied the returns of any typical county in Ohio, he would have understood why the average legislator insists upon the taxation of personal property. In the county of Greene, for instance, where the town and country population are approximately equal, the ten incorporated towns returned for taxation 9 per cent. of land of the county, 18 per cent. of the real estate, and 38 per cent. of the personal property. In the face of facts like these, a common sense of justice demands that the rural legislator shall insist upon the taxation of personalty, but it does not demand that he shall insist upon the taxation of property situated beyond the borders of the State, nor upon the intangible evidences of property situated within the State. Such attempts are as unjust and unwise as they are impracticable. The theory of the property tax demands that each piece of property be taxed once and only once, and that the taxation be levied where the property actually exists, and not where the owner happens to spend the income derived from it. In Connecticut, the State in which the taxation of personal property has been carried out most successfully, the attempts to tax fugitive property have failed ignominiously. The Special Tax Commission of 1887 reported that the proportion of intangible securities to other taxable property was dwindling from year to year. "In 1855 it was nearly 10 per cent. of the whole, in 1865 about 7½ per cent., in 1875 a little over 5 per cent., and in 1885 about 3¾ per cent." In the interests of honesty and justice the Commission urged the abandonment of the hopeless attempt to tax such securities. Yet in this same State the tangible personalty returned by individuals amounts in value to one-third as much as the real estate, and the taxes imposed upon the railroads and other corporations amount to a 1 per cent. levy upon an assessment of $115,000,000, while the farm lands of the State are assessed at but $59,000,000.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

THE action of the Harvard College Overseers in adopting a minute providing for a certain modification of the policy pursued by the President and Faculty for some years past, is one of those interferences by outsiders with college management which must always, on general principles, be more or less regretted. For the Overseers are, to all intents and purposes, outsiders—the representatives of alumni who live all over the country—and are intended to be what their name indicates, viz., a sort of council to keep an eye on the doings of Faculty and students. They are, for the most part, men who live in or near Cambridge, and are generally men of high standing in their own callings, and an excellent body of advisers on any subject to which they give their full attention. Moreover, it is not easy to find fault with some portions of their direction in the present instance. The expediency of a rule "that every undergraduate be requested to report in person early every morning, with a moderate and fixed allowance for occasional absences," which they adopt, will hardly be questioned by anybody who knows anything of the capacity of some Harvard undergraduates for lying late in the morning. Many of them, since the abolition of compulsory attendance at prayers, find it convenient to stay in bed until their first recitation, which may not come before eleven or twelve o'clock, and others, of course, may readily be absent for days from their rooms without being missed. Parents naturally enough dislike to see these sluggish, unready, and desultory habits contracted by their sons at the age when the formation of habits is such a very important part of a youth's training; and the Overseers, to some extent representing the parents, and feeling the pressure of their anxiety, have taken the matter in hand, overridden the Faculty, and called on the latter for a considerable increase of rigidity in the discipline of the College, the President voting in the minority against their action.

However desirable it may be that this change should be made, we feel sure that a very large number of those who have given any attention to American colleges as a moral influence will wish it had been made by the Faculty rather than the Overseers. That the Faculty should be overborne on a matter of discipline by an outside body having no direct share in the management, is certainly calculated to aggravate the most serious defect of our collegiate system. Nothing does so much to prevent a "collegiate education," as it is called, in our day and generation, leaving marked and lasting effects on the character and tastes of young men who graduate, as the low esteem in which they hold the professors—that is, the small importance they attach to their opinions about everything relating to the conduct of life—everything, in short, outside the special subject which the professor teaches. It is a rare thing to find a graduate of one of our leading colleges who has brought away any respect for the Faculty in any character but that of men of learning. As men of the world, or as social or moral philosophers, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he contemns them and contemns their calling. Now and then a professor of unusual force or shrewdness or attainment keeps his place in the memory of his old pupils as a guide, philosopher, and friend; but, as a general rule, our American graduates, and especially those who succeed in life afterwards, are apt to remember their college days mainly as days of fun with their classmates, and very rarely as days of instruction from men of stronger minds and longer experience.

Of course there is more than one cause for this, but the chief cause, and the one needing most serious attention, is the low place given to the professor in our college organization, the small account made of his opinions about collegiate administration, and the very small share given him in college government. There is hardly a college in the country in which he does not, to a greater or less extent, play the part of a clerk employed in carrying out the views or whims of boards of trustees, whose main qualification for the task is either that they have contributed money to college funds, or are trusted and admired as business men by those who have done so. As we have more than once said, all the great universities of the world, which are recognized as genu-

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ine "seats of learning," to which, *as such*, graduates look back with reverence as sources of genuine intellectual or moral inspiration, are governed by the Faculty; in truth, the University is the Faculty, and the Faculty is the University. The thought of treating the University as a factory or a bank, to be managed by boards of business men, does not in such places enter into anybody's head. All the statutes and regulations are formed with a view to magnifying the teacher's office, and, through him, magnifying the instruction he gives.

Our system is entirely different, and, in our opinion, most unfortunate. All our legislation and our practice tends to lower the professor in the eyes of the youth who take his courses, to make them think him a person of small account, to whom a boy who means to play his part well in the battle of American life, will pay little attention. And this undergraduate estimate of the professor's value diffuses itself through the community, until we find it the fashion among plain Americans to despise a professor's opinions on nearly everything but Greek and Latin. Amusing illustrations of this are to be met with every day, when professorial teachings happen to run counter to some popular opinion or political humbug. The serious proposal that professors of political economy should be forbidden to teach free-trade doctrines because a majority of the voters think a high tariff a good way of making money, and the profound contempt expressed in Congress for their utterances on the currency during the greenback and silver craze a few years ago, are specimens of what we mean. If it be said that the professors of any particular college are not competent to regulate its discipline and curriculum, we answer that they are in that case unfit for their places, and that better men should be found, and better salaries, if necessary, paid to get them, and not that the government of the college should be handed over to persons burdened with other cares, and whose chief attention is given to other subjects.

THE SUNDAY PAPER IN LONDON.

The uproar created in London by the attempt of the proprietor of the New York *Herald* to establish a Sunday newspaper there is a little difficult to understand. There are Sunday papers already, but not exactly newspapers. They are weeklies devoted to tales, sketches, anecdotes, theatrical and sporting gossip, and their circulation is largely confined to public houses and bachelor quarters. The novelty of the London edition of the Sunday *Herald* will consist simply in the fact that it will be a Sunday morning paper of the New York type, giving the news of Saturday precisely as the Saturday paper gives the news of Friday. Some of the opposition to it in London has been due to the notion that it will be produced on Sunday, and thus compel compositors and pressmen to break the Sabbath; the fact being, of course, that it will not cause as much Sabbath-breaking as the Monday edition of the London *Times*. But the greater part of this opposition is due to the fear that it will introduce into the homes of the middle and upper classes on Sunday morning the Sunday paper as we know it here—that is, the ordinary morning newspaper, with its usual editorial discussion of every-day topics, plus a great mass of light reading, partly original and partly extracts, some of it really serious, some of it sensational, and some of it unmitigated rubbish; the average quality, of course, varying with the character of the newspaper during the other six days of the week. It cannot be said that the New York Sunday morning paper is really any more objectionable, from a moral or intellectual standpoint, than the morning paper of week days, except in containing more matter. In fact, most of our Sunday papers work in, we believe, enough of what is called "religious matter" to give a semi-sacred character to at least one of their pages, so that the Sunday paper cannot be said to be any more pernicious *per se* than the Monday paper.

What the English clergymen who have protested probably most dislike, is the process of assimilation of Sunday to other days in the minds of readers, which they think the reading of the Sunday paper will work. A great many even non-religious Englishmen support with perfect equanimity the famous dulness of the London Sunday, as compared with that of Continental capitals, because it marks off Sunday from other days in the popular imagination in a very impressive way. The "Sabbath stillness" is a dreadful infliction to the young and gay in the city, but it keeps them in constant remembrance that elderly people and serious people consider Sunday a day of rest, and like to accentuate the difference between it and other days in every possible way. It is feared, therefore, that if the morning paper came into the house on Sunday as usual, and the men, who are here the principal patrons of the Sunday press, got into the way of dawdling over it through the forenoon, one of the great differences between Sunday and Monday would be effaced. We do not believe the intellectual objections to the Sunday paper amount to much. Nobody who loves the Sunday paper and lingers over it has his mind seriously injured by it. He is pretty sure, long before he comes to crave it, to have lost the habit of prolonged attention by confining his reading exclusively to week-day newspapers. He likes the scrappy character of the Sunday paper because his mind has grown scrappy, because he can no more read anything requiring protracted attention to one topic than he can "put up" a hundred-pound dumb-bell with arms that have for months lifted nothing heavier than a ten-ounce cane. Bottom in reading, to use a sporting term, is only acquired or retained, like bottom in athletics, by steady exercise.

Whether a Sunday paper modelled on the New York *Herald*, and edited by Heraldic Americans, can succeed in London, is another matter. We think it is very doubtful whether it will do more than add to the proprietor's experience of life and make away with a good deal of his money. The English taste in newspapers, as in other things, is very steadfast. It may be changed, but it can only be changed slowly and by editors who have some touch of the national temperament and turn of mind. Englishmen, even the frivolous ones, have a sombre vein which makes such editorial treatment as the New York *Herald* bestows on most subjects absolutely incomprehensible to them. That portion of our journalistic fun, for instance, which consists simply in flippant or childish or ejaculatory treatment of serious subjects, it would be very hard to get an Englishman of any class to enjoy, or even endure, very long. The attitude of the people towards nearly all public questions is the attitude of men who have seen and suffered a good deal, to whom mistakes are grave matters, who cannot afford to indulge in horse-play or tomfoolery about government or finance, or war. English politics, in short, great as the fame and success of England have been, are the politics of people who have paid dearly for their glory, who bear great burdens, to whom the future is still full of uncertainty, and to whom, therefore, the joyous antics of those who have never known adversity, and hardly know what to do with their money, are more or less repulsive. A "Here we are again!" Sunday paper of the American type, therefore, is hardly likely to take in London, although it is not impossible that a really English Sunday paper might succeed pretty well.

BOULANGER'S AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

Boulanger, though supported by the partisans of the houses of Orleans and Bonaparte, proclaims himself the stanchest of republicans, aiming only to transplant to French soil the Constitution of the United States, of the greatest and most firmly grounded republic. What he means by the American Constitution is mainly this: that the Chief Executive shall, like an American President, have the power to retain his own Ministers notwithstanding the hostile vote of one or both chambers, and to negative the passage of laws unless they be consented to by an overwhelming majority of the Chambers; and shall have the independent position of an American President, which results from his election by the people while the French President is only the creature and mouthpiece of the Chambers. As a slight modification, Boulanger suggests that the President's term, instead of seven or four years, be extended to ten. Of course, it is understood, as the main feature of the programme, that Boulanger himself is to be the first President of the reformed commonwealth. Leaving out the question of the extended term, it is very clear that an executive with such powers as are here outlined, would differ in little but in name from an absolute Emperor.

To see the matter in the true light, let us look at the powers which our own President wields, both in the appointment of officers and in the recommendation and rejection of laws. They distribute themselves through the seven executive departments. All of these reappear in France on a vastly enlarged scale. Foreign intercourse is more delicate and important; also, much more

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expensive. As chief of the army, President Cleveland commands 28,000 men; Sadi-Carnot commands 480,000, besides the territorial army and the reserves; Cleveland commands less than 8,000 sailors and marines; Sadi-Carnot more than 25,000. The French Post-office embraces the telegraphs, the American does not. The French Treasury deals with a national debt five times as large as ours. Our Indian problem is no more troublesome than the management of the Arabs and Moors is to the French. The only bureaus in the American service which outrun their French counterparts in importance are Patents and Pensions. The French Department of Justice is in every way more powerful than ours: it shapes all legislation on private rights.

But those powers which in the American system are Federal or central, are but a small part of those which are wielded by a French Executive. It is true that Boulanger proposes to give a "certain autonomy" to the provinces to assimilate them in some respects to the American States. Whether he means the old provinces as they were known before 1791, or the modern departments, is not clear from his utterances; but neither can be made to answer for American States. The French people never would allow any portion of their common country to act like an American State—that is, to devise its own laws on religion, schools, marriage and divorce, rights of property, punishment of crimes, proceedings in the courts of justice; and there is hardly any portion of France which would desire to wield such an autonomy. The laws of the nation, in all these subjects, would be the paramount if not the only laws, and the President of the nation would be clothed with the power of executing them. He would thus combine with the power of an American President many of the powers wielded by the thirty-eight State Governors; many also of the powers which the people of the counties enjoy in most of our States, in electing their judges, sheriffs, and other ministerial officers.

But this is not all. The French President has a third source of power and patronage. The concordat made in 1803 between the First Consul and the Pope gives to the head of the French Government the power of naming all the Catholic bishops, who in turn appoint and assign to their cures nearly one hundred thousand priests. Though these have been lately deprived of all influence in the public schools, they still, in many provinces, have great power over the minds of the people, especially over those of the women. Louis Napoleon's control of the clergy was one of his strongest weapons in raising himself to the throne and in holding it for nearly nineteen years.

Whatever, therefore, may be said about the beauties of the American Constitution, with its powerful Chief Executive, it seems that the true Republicans of France are right in refusing to duplicate it in their own country. Parliamentary rule, depending on the shifting majorities of a chamber, may be weak and vacillating, but on the whole it is preferable to a renewal of a dictatorship, followed by a new cycle of revolutions.

THE PARIS ELECTION.

PARIS, February 7.

THE election which has just taken place in Paris is an event of unusual importance. I have seen many elections in the capital, but at no time have I witnessed such an ardent struggle. Day after day, one might almost say hour after hour, kilometres of walls were covered with placards, red, blue, yellow, green, —*of all possible hues*—of Boulanger versus Jacques, or Jacques versus Boulanger. When the struggle was over, I saw people detach with knives pieces of these superposed placards, in order to examine the thickness of the deposit. All is over now. Jacques has fallen back into absolute oblivion; he has had his day, and will never be heard of again. On the evening of election day, the boys were singing on the boulevard the old popular song,

> "Pauvre Jacques!
> Dormez-vous?
> Sonnez les matines," etc.,

which has been used for many generations to put children to sleep.

The triumph of Gen. Boulanger was expected for some days before the election; it has been greater than his partisans themselves could have hoped for. In round numbers, Paris has half a million of electors, out of which you must always expect that there will be 100,000 abstainers, by reason of absence, sickness, etc. In all the recent elections in Paris, the Republican vote has amounted to about 250,000; the Conservatives have an army of about 100,000; the Socialists have a small battalion of 20,000. In the election which has just taken place, the Conservatives had no candidate of their own; they had agreed not to oppose any rival to General Boulanger, though this neutrality was not approved of by the oldest Conservative leaders, who were somewhat in the position of a general no longer obeyed by his troops. The Royalists (and the same may be said of the Imperialists) are in fact divided since the intervention of Gen. Boulanger in our public affairs. The old Parliamentarians, the men who belong to the generation of the Duc de Broglie, of M. Buffet, the respected leader of the Right in the Senate, the men who were opposed to the Second Empire and who remember still the 2d of December, who form the staff, if I may so say, of the Conservative army, may all be said to be more or less hostile to Gen. Boulanger. They look upon him with great distrust; they do not believe that he is working for anybody but himself; they do not approve his political programmes, his new methods of political warfare; they cannot forgive him his conduct while he was Minister of War, his spirit of insubordination while in the ranks of the army. Truth obliges me to say that the great mass of the Conservative army, and that the Conservative leaders who belong to a younger generation, are not moved by the same feelings; it is enough for them that Gen. Boulanger should offer to wipe out the present state of things. "He is a broom, and that is enough for me," was said to me by one of them. Before building anew, they believe that they must first destroy what exists. They have long been waiting for a bold man, for the unknown General, Gen. X, as an algebraist would say, who should come forward and offer to clean the stables of Augeas. They have no particular love, affection, or admiration for Gen. Boulanger, but they find him ready to do what they wish to have done.

It is certainly a curious fact that the older Conservatives are the most patient, are willing to wait; the younger generation are impatient and will wait no longer. They are also much less idealistic. The old parliamentarians belong to the class whom the great Napoleon condemned under the name of ideologists. The young Conservatives are materialistic; they accept Gen. Boulanger without reference to any principle: if he can do their work, it is enough for them. They accuse the old leaders of the Conservative party of impotence and stupidity; to all the reproaches which can be made to them they invariably reply: We cannot do worse than you have done, and we may do better. In 1870 you allowed M. Thiers to maintain the republican form of government when the country, after the disasters brought upon it not only by the Empire, but also by the so-called Government of National Defence, clearly showed its intention of going back to monarchy, by returning a majority of Royalists. When you replaced M. Thiers with Marshal MacMahon, you yourselves gave to the Republic its Constitution by passing the so-called Constitutional laws. You made of the Republic something stronger than a government *de facto*. You hoped to keep the power in your own hands, but the logic of the situation which you had created was stronger than you; you were unable to maintain Marshal MacMahon in power, and as soon as he was replaced by the old Republican Grévy, the direction of the Government fell into the hands of the Moderate Republicans, from their hands into those of the Opportunists, from their hands into those of the Radicals. You have foreseen nothing; you have prevented nothing.

It is difficult to answer this language. A country governed by universal suffrage is not like a chamber, where the personal influence of a few men can be felt; it obeys simple ideas, it follows simple instincts. The old-fashioned Conservatives agreed, in this last election in Paris, to vote neither for Jacques nor for Boulanger; to take some indifferent name, merely in order that their votes might be counted. Well, they were counted. Ten thousand electors threw away their votes in this manner, while the great mass of the Conservatives (about 80,000) voted for Boulanger. These numbers gave the exact proportion of the old-fashioned Parliamentary Conservatives, who are adverse to Boulanger, or who are at least not willing to help him to come to power, and of the Conservatives who are more indifferent to means, and who have but one clear wish, which is the end of the present system of government.

Let us look now on the Republican side. Here we have about 300,000 men who, since 1870, in all the elections in Paris, have always united their votes on the Republican candidates. This time we see them divided: one-half followed the party discipline and voted for the unknown Jacques, but the other half went over to Boulanger; and if we look very closely at the numbers, we see that, even if *all* the Conservatives had abstained, Boulanger would still have been returned by a majority of electors who continue to call themselves Republicans. I will not discuss here the quality of this Republicanism: France still called itself a Republic after the 18th Brumaire. The Republic of the Parisian electors who voted for Boulanger, is not of the parliamentary type; as far as it can be defined, it is a sort of Consulate, a régime under which the Consul would be almost everything. It is enough to say now that, at the present hour, Boulangism—I use the word in its vague sense—is dominant in Paris; out of every three men whom you meet in the street, you can say to yourself that two voted for Boulanger.

This great triumph in the capital of France, coming after many electoral triumphs in the provinces, in the wealthy and populous depart-

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ments of the North, of the Somme, in the Charente, creates a very peculiar situation. This succession of electoral victories, equivalent to a sort of plébiscite, has already had one effect: Three years ago the Republicans abolished the district ticket (*scrutin d'arrondissement*) and replaced it with the general ticket (*scrutin de liste*). They now propose to abolish the latter (which gives each elector in a department the privilege of voting for several deputies), and to return to the system which gives the elector only the right to choose the deputy of his own arrondissement. It is feared that if the present system is maintained, Gen. Boulanger will make up the list in each department, placing his own name at the head, and adding to it the names of his own partisans, and of those among the Royalists and the Bonapartists who will be willing to form a coalition with him. In 1870 M. Thiers, who had spoken against the war, was placed on many lists by the electors who wanted peace, and was returned by twenty-five departments; and this fact gave him at once the executive power. If Boulanger should, in the general elections which must take place in 1889, be returned by thirty or forty departments, no constitutional machinery would long prevent his accession to power.

Will the present Chamber substitute the district ticket for the general ticket? It is still doubtful. If the change is made, what will be its consequences? It will be necessary for Boulanger to choose, all over France, the arrondissements in which he has a chance of being elected; but in each arrondissement he will meet an opponent, an established influence. It is far more easy to put a new name on a list of deputies than to carry an arrondissement. Still, if there really is in the people a strong current of opposition to the present state of things, the end can only be delayed, and no system of election can prevent the popular will from finding expression. We must, therefore, whether we like it or not, prepare our minds for great changes, for the accession to power of an enigmatic man, who, under one form or another, will wield a personal power, founded upon the forces of imagination, which cannot well be explained, but which cannot long be despised. If the country rushes blindly in one direction, who can stop it? Of course, there will be resistance; even if we suppose that Gen. Boulanger remains the strictest observer of all constitutional forms, he will soon find himself opposed, if he comes to power, by the formidable array of the sincere Republicans, of the sincere Royalists, of the sincere Bonapartists. They will all be disappointed in turn or at the same time. The Royalists will probably find that they have not found a new Monk, the Bonapartists may make the same discovery. The most important Republicans are Gen. Boulanger's most bitter enemies. New coalitions may then take place, and if the danger becomes too great, then there will be the supreme resource of war. If Napoleon III., after his *coup d'état*, thought it obligatory to make a most unnecessary war in the Crimea, what will not be the temptation for a ruler who will find himself in a very different position from that of the men who thus far have occupied the Presidential chair?

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY.

BERLIN, February 1, 1889.

No Emperor had celebrated his birthday since March 22, 1887, nearly two years ago. William II., who had his on Sunday last, is new to the honors of his office. He is neither very popular nor exactly unpopular. The birthday of Prussia's monarch, however, is a kind of national day which means as much for the office as for the man. Hence I thought it a favorable occasion to study whatever of monarchism or royalism might come to the surface among the Germans, and, knowing that this is vaunted as one of the cardinal virtues of the present representatives of "Teutonism," and that, with the comments upon this special subject some kindred matter would come to light, I determined to see less of the celebrations in the streets and give more attention to the premeditated lucubrations of the press. I can only say that the crowd "unter den Linden" was large, both afternoon and evening, and that the illuminations were fine. But on the twenty newspapers that I read I can report more fully.

Two or three features, which about three-fourths of them had in common, were extravagant praise of the Emperor, such as I think his manliness would shrink from if he were to listen to it; an irreverent, if not hypocritical, use of the name of God; impotent invocations of peace, and a good deal of Bismarck worship mixed with condescending flouts at the French. Most of this was expressed in prose, so that not even the exigencies of the metre could be pleaded as an excuse for such clap-trap and fustian. It must be monarchism run mad that makes people living in the last quarter of the nineteenth century indulge in such adulation and yet expect to be believed sincere.

The *Post* feels happy that, with the introduction and gradual strengthening of constitutional forms of government, no change has taken place "in the elevating and grateful feelings with which all Prussians on such a day look up to the head of state." These feelings are called "the priceless jewel of the Prussian people," and what the loss of it would signify may be guessed at by "a look at the confusion of a clever nation across the border, which for nothing but the loss of this jewel fails to extricate itself from its errors. . . . It would have been impossible to point out in truer and more impressive language the deepest religious and moral foundations of our Prussian and German national life than our youthful and stirring Emperor and King did at his accession to the throne," when he entered upon his duties "with a joyous confidence in God." The *Norddeutsche* celebrates the Emperor as having conquered the hearts of the nation already, and says that they actually "beat faster at the mention of his name." Another tells us of having heard the Sunday church bells ring on Saturday, before going to press—they had a special chime for the Emperor. The *Hannoverscher Courier* speaks of the Emperor's recent travels as "a deed of glory on which the nations of Europe look with astonishment and admiration." The *Deutsches Tageblatt* says: "Other nations may have some difficulty [*sancta simplicitas!*] in sympathizing with us in our feelings on the Emperor's birthday. But we know that on no other day is our desire so irresistible to realize the great mercy of God our Lord in giving us our first great Emperor William." And so it goes on, rejoicing that there was such a man as William I., who made it possible for Germany's genius to unfold "to the honor of God and the blessing of mankind"; that there is still such a man as Bismarck, who upholds royalty and keeps parties in check; that a wholesome reaction in favor of national self-consciousness has set in against the spirit of faction; that the battle against democratic aspirations to power has been won; that we are not as other countries are, especially not like France, "once so proud, royal, and most Christian"; and that, on the whole, all things seem to work together for the good of Germany. The *Kölnische Zeitung* glories in William II. as the "pathfinder" of the nation, and comforts a tax-burdened people by saying that "a loving eye watches over the safety of the nation, and sees to it that the citizen does not contribute to the war budget in vain." After all these assurances of deep-rooted royalism comes the insatiable *Kreuzzeitung*, and calls for a "revival of the monarchical idea, and unquestioning obedience towards our young Emperor whom God placed at the head of our army, and whom he endowed in his mercy with all martial virtues and talents, with the faithful zeal for his royal office, and with a firm belief in the Lord who reigns over princes and peoples." This, too, is in prose, by the way.

There are a few other papers which instead of representing the young ruler as having "already attained," wish him simply God-speed while "running" to attain. Such are the *Freisinnige Zeitung*, the *Berliner Zeitung*, and also the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which somehow got its congratulatory lines mixed up with its "Local News and Miscellanies"! Compared with the freshness and exuberance of the preceding, their monarchical sense seems to be somewhat blunted.

I wish to speak of three more papers: the *Weser-Zeitung* of Bremen, and the *Vossische Zeitung* and *Volks-Zeitung* of Berlin. The first two deserve to be commended for having some serious reflections on the monarchical idea. The *Weser-Zeitung* contends that party government is impracticable for Germany because it is unstable; that the development of the nation lies "in the direction of unity, of a more thorough fusion of the different parties" and their interests; and that "the symbol of all this is the Emperor." The *Vossische Zeitung* says: "The strong monarchical feeling in Prussia is not founded in a mystical belief that God has ever revealed his will as to the best form of government, but on the clear conviction that nothing can be better than an hereditary monarchy, in which the rulers continue to be mindful of the power that has fallen to them, and of the duties that are involved in their power." "'All that a legitimate prince has to do,'" it quotes from Macchiavelli, "'is to perform his duties, and he will be able to maintain himself in power.' . . . The history of Prussia's kings proves this to be true."

Finally, the *Volkszeitung*, with which we arrive at the freezing point of monarchical temperature, if not below it. Never a word about Emperor William, nor about any other emperor or king. It begins with a pathetic reference to "the memorable spring of the nations in 1848," and feels tempted to pray for the return of the Manteuffel era, which, compared with the present, was at least "what Greenland sunshine is, compared with perfect night." "In the end, every nation has exactly the kind of government it deserves. The German people could, if they chose, make short work of their oppressors." Their indifference makes one doubt at times whether this fight against the reaction is ever going to amount to anything. And yet, is there really no hope at all? Out of the 46,000,000 there cannot be more than 1,000,000 who are actually benefited by Socialist laws, corn duties, unfair taxes, the raising of the Emperor's civil list, and similar measures. What, then, makes 45,000,000 submit to 1,000,000? The answer is: "Either people understand their real interests, or they do not understand them, or, thirdly, if they understand them, they are prevented by outside influence from

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doing what they otherwise would do." Thus we find the large army of Government officials and their dependents influenced in their actions by external considerations, and the people in the country incapable of independent action because they have been kept in leading-strings for centuries and are nothing but "voting-cattle." Only the artisans, tradesmen, and laborers have begun to think and act for themselves; and it is these classes which deserve our special sympathy and encouragement. For the others we can do almost nothing; but where we may fail, "the inner logic of historical development" will succeed in due course of time. So far, then, from calling the reaction an unmitigated evil, the *Volkszeitung* closes by regarding it in certain respects even as an ally. "The Socialist laws, the duties on grain, etc., etc., are our best agitators. They convert thousands every month; they furnish one man with sufficient intelligence and another with the requisite determination to break away from the ban of the reaction. . . . When the end will come we know not, but it cannot be far distant."

So much for the commentary of the press on Emperor William's birthday. Excepting one or two papers, it must be said that the very best of it is not elevating and the worst positively demoralizing.

Now, either the drift of things throughout this modern era is towards democracy or it is not. If it is, Prussia, to say the least, has for some time past been doing nothing to help it on; if it is not, and the monarchical idea is to have another lease of life, Prussia is doing her best to make that idea unpopular even among her own people. In either case, however, the national life of Germany is stunted in its growth, and Germany's outside influence is, in so far forth, bound to be impaired. And if it is pertinent to ask what Germany has to hope for from Prussian royalism, it is no less pertinent to ask what she may still expect from Prussian militarism, for the two go hand in hand. And here, too, the question is, not what Prussian armies have done for Germany on the field of battle, but how the corporal's spirit affects the national life; which practically amounts to asking, How far can any military government develop a people?

Closely bound up with Prussian militarism there is an intense nationalism which bids fair to overleap itself some of these days. No great nation has ever escaped being blamed for its national conceit, and Americans least of all. They have had their share of such blame, deserved and undeserved. And all their other sins, both of omission and of commission, arranged in alphabetical order—"behold! are they not written in the book" called 'Langenscheidt's Notwörterbuch: Land und Leute in Amerika'? Still, American nationalism, supposing it to be a poison never so virulent, has long been treated with powerful antidotes, and the effects are known to be marvellously wholesome. This antidote is—travel abroad. Even if the typical American "professor" does not get further than Berlin and Leipzig in order to expose his shallowness or ignorance, he returns a much wiser man. Now, it is chiefly the lack of this or a similar antidote that has made German nationalism so "hide-bound" and estranged so many Germans from "a wide world and a broad life." Travel, however, is out of the question with a people who expend so large a part of their earnings on soldiers, and give some of the best years of their lives to being soldiers themselves. Hence they must go on in their nationalism, making the best of it; and that, too, cannot but finally vitiate their influence over others.

A demoralizing royalism, a discivilizing militarism, and a cramping nationalism—has not Germany been known quite as much for these three, since the end of the last decade, as for art, science, and literature? And were they not long ago recognized as baleful by some of her best men, who have fought them ever since, tooth and nail? Yet those are the very men who are decried here as croakers, as enemies of the Empire because they are bold enough to oppose some of the powers that be, and occasionally remind them that not all the good is summed up in what is German, or rather Prussian. What can and what cannot be traced to those three most potent factors in German life there is not space here to inquire. But how are artificial distinctions, hard-and-fast lines in society, prejudices of all sorts, as for example in the question concerning the position of woman—how are all these, each being a problem in itself, to be solved by a military government? If we may judge from the huge State-Socialistic scheme of forcing whole classes to insure themselves against illness, accident, and old age, and making the State, the employer, and the laborer or mechanic contribute a third of the cost each, we can only look for a further petrefaction of society. The scheme, dictated as it may be by Christian charity, is at best a drill in compulsory self-help, not a lesson in the voluntary practice of prudence; and although some of the insured may in the end become convinced of the desirableness of economy, more will probably be "rocked and swaddled and dandled" into the belief that both economy and self-dependence are virtues of a tripartite nature, of which one third inheres in the poor man, the laborer himself, the second in the rich man, his employer, and the third in the strong man, the State—virtues which therefore can be practised only by common consent.

I have nothing to say about German art, science, and literature, nor about German thrift, economy, patience, and love of thoroughness. The Germans themselves know that sensible Americans value these attainments and virtues, even if the sensible American is not quite so apt to become known in Germany as the blustering one. That there goes hand in hand with "German learnedness" a good deal of "German perverseness" is a proverb even here, and has certainly not been discovered by Americans. That German economy is often penny-wise and pound-foolish, and even mean, and German thoroughness often pedantic, and that German patience sometimes degenerates into sheepishness—all this is neither here nor there. But—the Prussian régime! With due respect for the good it accomplished when it was at its best and was the only thing that could unite and save Germany, it may still be asked: How must it finally affect German life at home and German influence abroad? What will it, what can it still do for this excellent people, many of whom it has already led astray into such Chauvinism and nationalism that one would almost imagine the "Teutonization" of what little there is left of the Anglo-Saxon race to be only a question of a decade or two? Is this régime to continue in full power, or is there to be a change? X.

TO BOMBAY FROM TRIESTE.

BOMBAY, January 11, 1889.

THE ease and cheapness of a journey to India deserve to be better known. One may go from New York to Bombay in four weeks. The routes are many. They may be grouped roughly in two classes: the all-water routes and the trans-European routes. The first involve only one change of conveyance, viz., of steamer in England, whence you proceed via Gibraltar and Suez, saving money at the expense of time. The routes across the Continent are better. I know of none that combines economy of time with economy of money more satisfactorily than the following: the Red Star Line from New York to Antwerp; the Gotthard Tunnel route across Europe; and the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd from Brindisi or Trieste to Bombay. In this way, the passage-money for the round trip, first-class by water and second-class by rail, need not amount to more than $600. The price of a round-trip ticket by an all-water route varies from $550 to $460 for the first cabin; and for the second, which involves no real hardships, it is as low as $340. The pamphlet entitled 'Cook's Indian Tours,' to be had for twenty-five cents at any of Cook's offices, gives with admirable clearness all needed information concerning routes and prices.

And here, something about guide-books and maps. Murray has a volume for each of the three Presidencies, Bombay, Bengal, and Madras, and a fourth for the Punjab. They have most grave defects of plan and execution, but are perhaps indispensable, *faute de mieux*, for travellers who wish to visit out-of-the-way places. For the towns, Agra, Delhi, Benares, Calcutta, and the like, there are local guide-books published in India, and enumerated in Cook's pamphlet, page 52. Among them is Maclean's 'Guide to Bombay,' a thoroughly good book, issued by the Bombay *Gazette* press. The same press publishes monthly the 'Indian Travellers' Guide,' which contains all the time-tables and a railway map. Maps 33 and 34 of Keith Johnston's 'General Atlas,' maps 63 and 64 of 'Stieler's Hand-Atlas,' and Kiepert's 'Vorder-Indien' are all desirable, and may be had separately for a small sum. I suggest that they be bought flat, mounted (uncut) on light muslin, rolled on the outside of a stiff mailing-tube, and carried in a cylindrical tin case to keep them from the white ants. Finally, for a general travelling atlas, I believe that Justus Perthes's 'Taschen-Atlas' (22. *Auflage, bearbeitet von* H. Habenicht) is incomparably the best. I will say no more; a full page of the *Nation* would be none too much to do the little volume justice.

At the head of the list of eighty-five steamers that form the fleet of the Austrian Lloyd stands the *Imperator*. She was built expressly for the Indo-Chinese service, in which this is her sixth voyage, and is commanded by Captain Bechtinger. Her appointments are magnificent, and she is a model of strength and beauty. Altogether, she is a noble ship. It was our good fortune that she was the one to be despatched on the day we had fixed for our departure, and that, in the assignment of state-rooms, we were put on the port side. As for this last matter, it is one of no small moment; for during the voyage eastward, the tropical sun beats upon the steel plates of the starboard side with great force.

The passengers are few. My *vis-à-vis* at table is a judge returning with his wife to duty in the Punjab. It pleases me to learn that he values and uses Story, and to think that American jurisprudence is not without its influence even in the distant land of the Vedas. Few as we are, we are of very diverse nationalities; and so the talk is polyglot, and the little manifestations of racial antipathies are amusing. There are three German rice merchants returning to Rangoon. They are "quite English," but they don't like the real Englishman. And

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one morning a stalwart Neapolitan went away from the table in a trembling rage because one of the "sour-krouts" had ridiculed his extreme fondness for maccaroni. Several Parsis are in the second cabin; and among them is Sorabjee Hormuzjee Harver, a member of the Parsi Cricket Club, returning from a series of matches in England! The Parsis often bear surnames—such as Scott, Wallace, Ashburner—taken from the families with whom they have served. Sorabjee's stock has borne the name Harver for five generations. Here, then, is a reminiscence of the Harvards as far to the east of Greenwich as is our New England college to the west. And the name is coupled with that of Zoroaster's god. *Habent sua fata—nomina!* Among the passengers there is only one captain-teaser, so far as I have heard; and the element that furnishes the material for the familiar jokes of transatlantic travel—the "young men and maidens," etc.—is conspicuously absent.

Conspicuously present on deck are steamer-chairs furnished by the Lloyd. Why do the Atlantic companies still force us always to lug a chair to the port of embarkation? Either let them stop treating us like steerage passengers in just this one respect, or else, for consistency, require us to bring each a tin plate and a cup and a feather bed! The food here is excellent, but the dinners have the same weary round of many courses as elsewhere. Fortified by a recent article in the *Nation* on "Eating at Sea," I have maintained a perfectly ascetic temper, and am the better for it.

The distance from Trieste to Bombay is about 4,500 miles, and the voyage takes about 18 days. The weather has been so fine, the sea so smooth, and the company and everything on board so pleasant, that the time has seemed all too short. Even if the circumstances had been less agreeable, I think the voyage could hardly have seemed long; for it is naturally divided into three parts—not very unequal—by the Canal and Bab-el-Mandeb. The first part includes the Adriatic and Mediterranean courses; the second the Red Sea, and the last the Arabian Sea. We left Trieste on Saturday evening, December 22. The brief call at Brindisi on Monday morning made a pleasant, if not exciting break in the first part. We gaze from the deck at the grass-grown towers of the ancient town, while a couple of beggars, the one with an accordeon and the other with a voice, murder Santa Lucia for *pochi soldi;* but soon we are off again, enjoying our books and talks and the delicious air. Tuesday we pass quite near the two Strivali Islands. We see the lighthouse washed with a delicate pink, and the lonely monastery—not a sign of life besides. The white breakers dashing on the steep and ragged rocks are a pleasant reminder of Mt. Desert, and so of home. Next come the mountains of the Peloponnese, with clouds towering like snow-peaks above the real mountains, and then no more land by day-time until Thursday afternoon, when we pass the Damietta mouth of the Nile and steam into Port Said.

This is our first coaling-station. A barge comes up on each side with a gang of almost naked coolies. They work fast, carrying up the coal on their backs by the light that flames from some iron baskets. What with coal and freight, dust and noise, we are fain to make a short night of it and set foot as early as may be upon Africa. Port Said is a wretched upstart place, existing solely for the Canal. Besides the governmental and mercantile establishments and the shops, its only boasts, I believe, are a concert-saloon and a gambling-hell. And I think the nose of Coleridge would have detected full as many stenches as he avers that he counted at Cologne. Champagne Charley, a good-natured and rather good-looking Oriental, importuned us to ride one of his donkeys, "Lily Langtry" or "The Grand Old Man," offered to show us to the post-office "over the garden-wall," and declared to Judge T.—presumably as a reminiscence from Mark Twain—"Oh! I know you, sir. I've seen you before, Mr. Fergusson." We discreetly refrained, "lest a worse evil should befall us," from rewarding the performer with baksheesh, and bought instead some pith hats, some Zanzibar grass mats, cool and gay, and some postage-stamps with the Sphinx and a pyramid on them.

We were glad to get off at noon (Friday) and enter the Canal. It is eighty-seven miles to Suez, and a good passage takes eighteen hours; but a Hali Liner just ahead of us kept taking the ground so that we could not run even at regulation speed, and were twenty-four hours on the way. It is a most interesting experience—one's first passage in a great ocean steamer through the desert. On the right, at the entrance, Lake Menzaleh stretches away for miles. Thousands, myriads of flamingoes are feeding in the marshes, the more distant hosts appearing as a mass of white color tinged with pink. And beyond, here and there, is a lateen sail. As we proceed, we see the sand drifting into the Canal, and we wonder how long it would take for the wind, that blows while men sleep, to make the huge ditch impassable, if the work of the great dredges should cease. We pass quickly through the Bitter Lakes at early morning, Saturday. In a deep cut, where the dredges can't be used for the purpose, we see coolies and camels at work widening the Canal. Each camel bears two trap-bottomed boxes, kneels to have them filled, and plods slowly in line with the rest—each neck making precisely the same awkward curve—to the top of the cut, while a group of filthy vultures sit by, on a desolate knoll, waiting for a man or a beast to die. Not far away, the Canal is crossed by the pilgrims' road from Cairo to Mecca. This was the track, for I know not how many centuries, of the grand caravan that brought the annual carpet to the tomb of Mohammed. But now it is sent by rail and boat to Jedda; and the train that we see on the right, steaming away over the burning sands from Suez to Cairo, reminds us that the old order changes, even in the desert.

We come to anchor at Suez, on Saturday noon, a bit less than a week after leaving Trieste. An Arab brings us bright tempting "Syrian" cloths, and we buy one, albeit a fellow-passenger recognizes it as made in a factory of his firm at home in Switzerland. Another offers us a fez; but he has forgotten to remove the tell-tale label which shows that it came from Strakonitz in Bohemia, and we turn from these illusions. The breeze freshens, the afternoon grows cool, and we go to the bow and look around us. To the east is the "Well of Moses," marked by two little green oases; before us, the Gulf of Suez, its waters showing a marvellous variety of hues and tones, from the most translucent green to the deepest blue; and to the right, Jebel-Ataka, a volcanic ridge, without a trace of plant-life upon it to protect it from the weathering of ages, which has made its face a series of everywhere sharply serrated spurs, often thrown into the boldest relief by the light and shadow. The sun gets lower, and to chiaroscuro are added the most gorgeous effects of color, such as challenge the best powers of a Turner and leave even "the pen of a ready writer" quite baffled.

Soon after midnight, Sunday morning, December 30, we quit Suez, and coast along the Sinaitic peninsula, which wedges itself in between the two northern arms of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Akabah and the Gulf of Suez. The "God-trodden mountain" is said to be hidden from us by heights between. Suez Gulf is perilous. I had heard that we should pass a wreck. And, sure enough, in Jubal Strait, at the mouth of the gulf, my eye was caught by a ghastly one, on the east side of the channel. I was studying it with my glass, when suddenly we were called to the other side to see a wreck still more ghastly. There lay—or rather hung—a steamer, her bow high in air, her keel out of water to a point abaft her foremast, and her deck line making an angle of not one minute less than 40° with the horizontal. The fatal bank of coral served doubtless as a pair of ways, up which the unlucky monster slid to her doom; but her momentum must have been enormous to carry her to such a height and such an angle. The captain, we learned, was drunk; and some one made a grim joke about the combination of whiskey and water.

Now we are fairly in the Red Sea. It is broad, and we see little more of land. For Jebel-Tar, a bare volcanic rock rising abruptly 900 feet out of the sea, can hardly be called land; and no more can the Zebayer Islands, "The Twelve Apostles." The Red Sea is *said* to be hot; and in fact the double awnings are stretched over us, and the great fan or punkah is set agoing over our table on New Year's day, and I slept that night in the open air on deck. But I am only a midwinter passenger. Perhaps I shall have a right to commit myself on the subject after I have traversed those waters next mid-August.

The dangers of the southern end of the Red Sea are behind us, and the pilot brings us into the anchorage of Aden, our second coaling-station and our fourth and last stopping-place. Has the scene been too often described? "O-whö, o-whö! o-whö, o-whö! Hab a dive, sir? Tro away, sir!" repeated *ad lib.*—and away go the swarthy youngsters, kicking their heels at heaven, and return from the depths with a three-penny or a two-anna bit in their fingers. The fellows wear just a clout about their loins; so they have no pockets, still less pocket-books—which we might otherwise kindly suppose they had left at home, and so excuse them for putting the coins between their teeth and their gums, as they sing out again "Tro away, sir!" I noticed only one offer to swim under the ship for a sixpence. They say the divers are degenerating. But how many sixpences would it take to induce the *laudator temporis acti* to dive under a steamer of twenty-four feet draught? After all, the best fun at Aden was the sight of two diminutive Africans, paddling for dear life after us as we went ashore. The speed of the tiny sharp-prowed dug-out did them credit. Then came a wave and swamped the craft. Head over heels they tumble, and for a moment paddles and Africans and dug-out are in confusion so delightfully amusing that I should have thought it all a part of the programme for baksheesh had they been on hand in time to claim it. The great rock-fortress of Aden, the drive to the tanks, the people—all is strange and interesting. But I have wearied you.

We started out from Aden on Friday morning, January 4, to cross the Arabian Sea. No land, no outside incident more. But our evenings were illumined by the crescent and the star, shining so as they can shine only from a tropical sky. And early this morning, we set foot on the Apollo Bunder.

CHARLES ROCKWELL LANMAN.

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Correspondence.

LINE UPON LINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The topics in illustration of my theory present themselves in such crowds that I will ask leave this week to deal with two.

(1.) Your comment upon the article of the Boston *Journal*, "Shall Boodlers Dominate?" I seldom touch upon State affairs, because it is perfectly hopeless to get anybody to listen, and I do so now only so far as they relate to national. What is the Governor of Massachusetts? As far as any honest and legitimate power and influence go, he is merely a figurehead. He has absolutely no voice in the initiation or guidance of legislation or policy, which are exclusively in the hands of the Legislature and its committees. He has no power over the executive officials—Treasurer, Auditor, Secretary of State, Attorney-General, etc—who are elected separately, and are as independent of him as of any sovereign in Europe. He is surrounded by a separately elected Council, without whose advice and consent he can hardly take his meals. His powers are in substance limited to three: (*a*) the veto, upon the absurdity of which I have dwelt often enough to save space now; (*b*) the appointment of judges—certainly of inestimable importance, but as they are appointed for life any one Governor has very little to do in the matter; (*c*) the appointment of the members of the commissions which, with the entire dislocation of the regular executive authority, have been set up to govern the State. But these commissions, when once appointed and confirmed by the Council, are again completely independent both of him and the Legislature. He can get no credit for their proceedings, though he may incur blame.

The Governorship being thus insignificant, the people are quite apathetic and indifferent as to who occupies it, especially as their choice is limited to two or three candidates nominated by the handful of politicians who run the conventions. I once heard a leading member of this class say that there were a dozen men in this State who could make anybody Governor whom they pleased. Obviously, such a place as this offers no attraction for the intellect, industry, and energy of first-class men. It is still, however, nominally the first position in the State; and as, in this land of equality, there is an unlimited thirst for distinction of any kind, there is a plenty of rich men who, with very shady ideas of what the position really means, and not being able to get much other satisfaction out of their money, are ready to pay handsomely for the privilege of occupying it. Could there be a more perfect arrangement for making the Governorship a matter of purchase?

What is the remedy? To make executive office a thing of substance as well as a name; to give the Governor what the President of the United States has, the appointment of officials and the control of their action; to give him, further, what the President of the United States has not but ought to have—the power of appearing, either by himself or his officials, in the public arena of debate and legislation, of shaping and conducting policy and administration, with full responsibility for them in the sight of the whole people. Then we should open the field to a different class of capacity, and introduce the element of brains into the competition with money.

(2.) The other topic is the letter of Secretary Fairchild in the case of Inspector Byrne, which you justly characterize as "amazing." Even on the authority of your paper, I can hardly bring myself to believe that a Secretary of the Treasury can have signed and issued such a document as that. Still, as to what you say of it, I will quote a clause from Mr. Bryce's book:

"The people see little and they believe less. True, the party newspapers accuse their opponents of offences, but the newspapers are always reviling somebody, and it is because the words are so strong that the tale has so little meaning. For instance, in a recent Presidential contest, charges affecting the honor of one of the candidates were brought against him by journals supporting the other candidate, and evidence tendered in support of them. The immense majority of his supporters did not believe these charges. They read their own newspapers chiefly, which pooh-poohed these charges. They could not be at the trouble of sifting the evidence, against which their own newspapers offered counter-arguments, so they quietly ignored them—I do not say that they disbelieved. Between belief and disbelief there is an intermediate state of mind."

Now let us imagine a scene. It is a full session of the House of Representatives. Immediately in front of the Speaker's desk are seats specially provided for the members of the Cabinet. A member having given notice a week before of his intention to ask a question of Secretary Fairchild, nearly every member of the House is present, and the galleries are crowded with eager spectators. The member rises in his place, and puts his question as to this Byrne letter, in a form which implies a strong comment upon its character. He pauses, and the Secretary in his turn rises to reply. Can you not imagine the hushed silence with which the whole country would listen for his words? And do you not think that such a process would effectually bar the recurrence of such an offence? What would be the effect of something similar upon the Secretaryship of State for the next four years? G. B.

Boston, February 16, 1889.

HAMERTON AND GOYA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the criticism of Hamerton's 'Portfolio Papers' in your issue of February 14, its writer speaks of Mr. Hamerton's article on Goya as being the most interesting in the volume; but adds that in his estimate of Goya as a painter, he seems to have allowed himself to be unduly biassed by his dislike of the artist's unsavory personal character. One might naturally suppose that a critic of Mr. Hamerton's acknowledged standing, before writing an article on Goya—and especially such an article, in which, as you say, "Macaulay himself could hardly use stronger language"—would take pains to see the best examples of the master whose reputation he demolishes in so summary a manner. But your critic has omitted to call attention to the curious fact that, notwithstanding the dogmatic statements upon Goya's art with which Mr. Hamerton's article abounds, and which seem to be made from an almost omniscient knowledge of what he did—his actual knowledge of Goya's paintings is extremely limited. This is naïvely confessed in the following passage, in which he says:

"The artist remains to be considered. There is a certain difficulty for me here, which may be stated frankly, as a critic should never pretend to more knowledge than is really his. I have never been in Spain, and only know Goya as an artist through his etchings, through the engravings from his works, and the 'frescoes' from his country house. This is comparatively little, because Goya was an immense producer, and left hundreds of pictures behind him which are only to be seen in Spain."

This is pleasantly written, and would disarm criticism if it in any wise disarmed Mr. Hamerton as a critic.

The frescoes in question, which Mr. Hamerton says "look as if they had been painted with a mixture of soot, mud, whitening, and candle-grease," possibly have the same relative value to his other works, as have a collection of about forty studies, made for reproduction in tapestry, which are preserved in an out-of-the-way room in the Prado Gallery, more for their curious delineation of Spanish manners than as works of art. As against these, in Madrid, for instance, must be placed the important collection of portraits in the same gallery, chiefly of persons of the Spanish Court, and also an equal number of valuable examples at the Academy of St. Ferdinand. Until Mr. Hamerton has seen some representative collection of this kind, it is hardly fair to enlighten other people about Goya in a tone so dogmatic. And, possibly, if he had seen more of his work, he would have modified his views as to his coloring, which he has so far found "foul and filthy to the last degree." He would, to be sure, have been deprived of the pleasure of employing his ability in the composition of the paper in question; but this omission would be not only better for Goya's reputation as a painter, but, we may venture to add, not altogether a bad thing for Mr. Hamerton's reputation as a critic.

It is not so much Mr. Hamerton's conclusions as his methods in attaining them, that are now under criticism—a criticism which, with all deference to his fame as a critic, makes itself heard in obedience to an implied precept, embodied in the very article in question. "What is fame?" asks he; and then replies: "It is nothing but a noise made by talkers and writers; and if other talkers and writers were to be cowed by it into respectful silence, they would be like watchdogs afraid to bark because other dogs had barked on the next farm."

D. B. Updike.

Boston, February 16, 1889.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co. publish directly 'Mental Evolution in Man: the Origin of the Human Faculty,' by George J. Romanes; 'The Development of the Intellect,' being Part II. of W. Preyer's 'Mind of the Child'; Ducourdray's 'History of Civilization,' in two volumes, Ancient and Modern; 'The Folk-Lore of Plants,' by T. F. Thiselton-Dyer; 'A Dictionary of Terms in Art,' fully-illustrated; and 'Co-operative Building and Loan Associations,' by Seymour Dexter.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press a 'Life of Henry M. Stanley,' by the Rev. H. W. Little.

We have received the last volume (6th) of 'Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography,' and the first of Washington's Writings (Putnams), but must defer comment.

Macmillan & Co. send us the tenth volume in the author's edition of the 'Poetical Works of Robert Browning,' being the third of 'The Ring and the Book.' It has for a frontispiece the woe-begone countenance of Guido Franceschini, from a contemporary drawing made on February 22, 1698, the day of his beheading at Rome.

Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus' has, fitly enough for a "Volume on Clothes," been given a new dress by being included in the Parchment Library (Scribner & Welford). It is now, with its claret-colored covers and its compact but legible letter-press, very attractive and pocket-companionable.

From the same publishers we have a third edition of "N. D'Anvers's" 'Elementary History of Art,' three volumes in one. It excludes living artists, and its successive extensions only

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keep pace, or seek to, with the recent dead. It is surprising that a work "adopted by the [English] Civil-Service Commissioners as a text-book for the examination of candidates" should have no table of contents to unfold its scheme, and no other index than a biographical one. The section on Painting alone has a preface for the present edition, and tells of more than a hundred fresh illustrations introduced.

Irving's 'Life of Mahomet' reappears in Bohn's Select Library (Scribner & Welford).

Dr. Johnson's Essays from the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler* have been added to the "Camelot Series" (London: Walter Scott; New York: T. Whittaker). Mr. Stuart J. Reid, the biographer of Sydney Smith, furnishes a biographical introduction and notes.

"Fault of novel germs," Roberts Bros. enlarge their "Handy Library" with Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' Silvio Pellico's 'My Two Prisons,' and George Fleming's 'The Truth about Clement Ker.'

A recent English biography, 'The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C. B., in Afghanistan and the Punjab,' which we find noticed in the *Athenæum* of February 2, destroys the legend of the defence of Jellalabad in 1842, after the slaughter of Elphinstone's command at Cabul and on the retreat. The hero of this defence, according to Sir John Kaye's history, was General Sale, whereas Broadfoot's diary (confirmed by that of a brother officer) represents Sale as sharing the fears of the garrison, and disposed to evacuate the town under a convention with the besieging Afghans. He was really screwed up by Broadfoot and Havelock.

'A New Way of Training Nurses' (Boston: Cupples & Hurd) is the truthful but not very attractive title of one of the most interesting and valuable little books of practical philanthropy. It is three papers by Dr. A. Worcester of Waltham, Mass., wherein is clearly and excellently set forth, in detail but without prolixity, the exact method by which, in small towns and without the aid of hospitals, nurses may be as efficiently and perfectly trained as in the great city schools. In fact, in some respects, these nurses prove more efficient than those who have had only hospital practice. Wherever there are four or five doctors who will work together, two or three ladies who will coöperate, and four or five sound young women who wish to support themselves and to help the sick, this system can be established. The book is a clear and admirable exposition of the scheme. It is very brief, but appears complete, and we heartily wish that it may be spread broadcast, so that every community may learn and practise the Waltham way.

'Accidents and Emergencies' (New York: J. H. Vail & Co.) is a small, plain book giving information as to the treatment of those suddenly stricken while awaiting skilled assistance. When accidents occur, it is usually inconvenient to consult a book, and it is perhaps too much to expect the average citizen to acquire such a knowledge in anticipation of possible injury to his neighbor. Nevertheless, the advice here contained is wholesome, and too much good advice cannot be circulated. The author is Joseph B. Lawrence, a professional nurse.

The 'Invalid's Own Book' (New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger), which describes itself as "a collection of recipes from various books and various countries, by the Honorable Lady Crist," is a cosmopolitan compilation, for the sick, of formulæ, some of them novel, which appear palatable and useful.

Dr. George M. Gould, in a reprint from the Philadelphia *Medical News*, answers the question, "Is the electric light injurious to the eyes?" in the negative, except where workmen and experimenters are compelled to stand prolonged exposure at short range. In view of the superior hygienic advantages of electricity as an illuminant, and the probability that it can be supplied cheaply enough to replace other artificial lights, this is a very satisfactory reply. Those indiscreetly exposed to its full power suffer first a temporary paralysis of sight followed by extreme sensitiveness, and in some instances the skin reddens and peels as in sunstroke. But the diffused light Dr. Gould believes harmless.

The *Green Bag*, "a useless but entertaining magazine for lawyers," edited by Horace W. Fuller, and published in Boston by Charles C. Soule, is a new aspirant for favor. As to the need of it, a layman is perhaps precluded from venturing an opinion. The first (January) number is certainly entertaining, and the opening sketch of the pedigree of Chief-Justice Fuller of the U. S. Supreme Court will gratify all those who like to see the Puritan stock coming to the front in the control of the republic. There is a taking portrait of the Chief Justice, and many other lights of the profession are pictured in connection with an article on the Harvard Law School. Typographically the *Green Bag* is to be commended.

The Messrs. Harper send us bound volumes of their *Weekly* (No. 32), *Bazar* (No. 21), *Monthly* (Nos. 76, 77), and *Young People* (for 1888). The most pronounced style in the illustrations of the *Weekly* is M. Paul Renouard's, whose vigorous crayon sketches of our public men show a decided talent for characterization. The only other marked feature of the physiognomy of the present volume is the series of portraits of eligible Presidential candidates hazarded before the actual nominations. Gen. Harrison's was not omitted, and had the distinction of an encore after the election. Among the invariable memoranda of moving accidents by flood and field, those of our March blizzard stand out on the one hand; of the yellow fever in Florida on the other. The valuable supplements were largely devoted to Western, as in 1887 to Southern, cities—materials, one might think, for a great album without text. England and Ireland are the dominant note, pictorially speaking, in the *Bazar*. The Lake District, Dublin Castle, the Armada Tercentenary, Coaching Days, Shakspere's Home, a London Book-Sale, and Mission Hall Entertainment; portraits of royalty, of the eminent men of the Jubilee year, of English novelists, with illustrations borrowed from Walter Besant's 'Fifty Years Ago'—these are samples. In the text, outside of fashions, Mr. Higginson's serial "Women and Men," and three articles on as many American colleges for women, may be mentioned. Of the *Monthly* we have spoken regularly on its appearance; nor do we need to speak here of *Harper's Young People*, in which we observe no change.

The *Studio* for January is exceptionally attractive with a photo-print of a group representing Dante Rossetti and his mother at chess; and two of terracotta groups from Asia Minor. Mr. Clarence Cook passes in editorial review the late interesting exhibition of the Architectural League in this city, and pictures at the Union League.

In *Shakespeariana* for February, Mr. Horace Howard Furness pays a proper tribute to the late Halliwell-Phillipps, and remarks incidentally what may not be widely known, that New York "already possesses in its Astor, Lenox, and Columbia Libraries the larger portion of the existing Shakspere Quartos and Folios."

Appalachia for December, 1888, is full of good reading for lovers of mountain climbing and adventure (Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.). Two charming heliotype plates illustrate Ypsilon Peak in Northern Colorado, the ascent of which is well described by Frederick H. Chapin.

The February number of the *Library* shows no falling off in the interest or variety of its contents. A. W. Verrall contributes an appreciative sketch of Henry Bradshaw, based upon Mr. Prothero's excellent biography of the learned Cambridge librarian. Mr. Bullen's second article on the Appledore Press gives an interesting account of Mr. Linton's great work, 'The Masters of Wood-Engraving.' T. Mason's paper, "A Bibliographical Martyr," tells the story of the life and labors of Robert Watt, the indefatigable author of the well-known 'Bibliotheca Britannica.' Mr. Pollard finds in Le Petit's admirable 'Bibliographie des principales éditions originales d'écrivains français" (Paris, 1888) a text for an exhortation to his countrymen to undertake a similar bibliography of English first editions. One is tempted to believe that the ruling maxim of this generation must be "No year without a centenary," when he reads that "A number of show-cases have been recently set apart in the King's Library at the British Museum for the exhibition of manuscripts, printed books, medals, etc., illustrative of the royal House of Stuart, the bicentenary of whose abdication of the throne of England is now being celebrated." In a note the editor regrets that the harmless fun of "Theophrastus Junior," in the January number, has by some been taken seriously, and assures all concerned that nothing personal was intended.

Paris Illustré for February 9 (International News Co.) is a Boulanger number, with its portrait of the General, a scene in front of his residence, the mob before the office of his organ *La Cocarde*, the Place de la République and its lion plastered all over with rival political placards, and facsimiles of some of these placards in the interest of Jacques.

The permanent antidote for Boulangism may, perhaps, be discovered in the subject of the *Annuaire de l'Enseignement Primaire* which comes to us from Armand Colin & Cie., Paris. This is the fifth year of the model little manual and record of progress in primary instruction in France. The second part is particularly rich in articles which repay reading, as, a review of primary instruction from 1789 to 1889; an account of the coming great Exposition; more of the series on the condition of teachers abroad—Baden and Würtemberg, with notes of a French teacher in Saxony; education in Algeria and Tunis; bibliography; geographical review of the year; necrology—we have still topics to mention, but no space. The production as a whole is most praiseworthy.

'Inedited Letters from Talleyrand to Napoleon, 1800-1809,' edited by Pierre Bertrand, is an interesting publication of Didier, Perrin & Cie. (New York: F. W. Christern). It reveals the writer in the character of a counsellor of moderation at the height of his master's ambition and successes.

The committee appointed last October by the American Oriental Society to ascertain what MSS. exist in this country written in the Oriental languages or connected with their study, with a view to cataloguing them, indicate in a circular that they have in view MSS. in the ancient and modern languages of Asia, with Egypt and Ethiopia, and desire the name of the language, the style of writing (very particularly), the material used, size, binding, number of leaves, etc.; also its history in each case, with date if known. It will be helpful to learn that *no* MSS. exist in the libraries addressed by this

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circular. Dr. Isaac H. Hall, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York city, is Chairman of the Committee.

—Mr. Joseph Thomson's account of his recent adventurous journey in Morocco begins the new volume of the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. He reached the city of Morocco without difficulty, but could not get permission to enter the mountain region. Notwithstanding this, he managed to elude the vigilance of the authorities, and made his way across the Atlas into the great elevated plateau lying between that range and the Anti-Atlas. Further progress in this direction being impossible, he retraced his steps and passed westward along the northern slope of the mountains, ascending one peak, 12,734 feet high, to Agadir on the coast. The most interesting place which he visited was the beautiful mountain valley of Demnat, where is a wonderful natural bridge, a magnificent arch 100 feet high, "hung with stalactites, with walls presenting all the aspect of clustered pillars." It is used by the natives as an aqueduct. During the journey he was frequently exposed to great peril, narrowly escaping being stoned to death in the city of Morocco. This paper, which treats mainly of the geological formation of the Atlas, and is accompanied by an admirable map, is followed by the description of a visit to Sheshuan by W. B. Harris. This place is also in Morocco, not far from Tetuan on the Mediterranean. The inhabitants are nearly all descendants of the Prophet, and have a fanatical hatred of foreigners. Mr. Harris got into the town in disguise, but dared not stay more than a day, escaping at night. He reports it better built than most Moorish towns, showing a greater civilization than places having constant communication with Europe. An elaborate treatise on the Nîlometer, by Col. J. C. Ardagh, shows the inefficiency of the present method of measuring the height of the Nile. In reference to Sir Samuel Baker's suggestion that last year's low Nile was caused by the Mahdi's tampering with the upper waters, he says: "A civilized administration, controlling in a scientific manner the course of the Atbara, the Blue and White Nile, and the Bahr el-Ghazal, would have Egypt completely at its mercy." Hence, he concludes, the interests of Egypt and the Sudan are inseparable.

—The Riverside Edition of Whittier's Complete Works has now filled out the seven volumes with three of this writer's prose. They do not, of course, bear to the four volumes of verse the same ratio in importance as in bulk, or anything like it. Nevertheless they have a decided autobiographic interest, and offer both for New England traits and our national history memorials of lasting value. The anti-slavery portion is large, including the whole of the tract called 'Justice and Expediency,' the introductions to Johnson's 'Life of Garrison' and the reissue of John Woolman's Diary, the *Atlantic* article on the founding of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and biographical sketches of William Leggett, N. P. Rogers, Lewis Tappan, etc. The *pièce de résistance* of vol. i is 'Margaret Smith's Journal.' We enumerate, further, sundry tales of Yankee character; a description of Lowell in 1843, when its population was "constituted mainly of New Englanders," and the Lowell *Offering* was issued by the mill-hands; a graphic account of an open-air Millerite meeting; a good deal of local history and tradition and Quaker biography; and a few essays in criticism of fellow-poets. Whittier's style is noticeably agreeable and easy, a good model. His humor freely finds vent in it, and we close our necessarily brief notice of this collection with what we hope will prove an appetizing example. "It is one thing," says Whittier, at the close of "My Summer with Dr. Singletary," "to hold fast the robust faith of our fathers—the creed of the freedom-loving Puritan and Huguenot—and quite another to set up the five points of Calvinism, like so many thunder-rods, over a bad life, in the insane hope of avoiding the Divine displeasure from sin."

—'The Civil-Service Reform Law,' by William Harrison Clarke (L. K. Strouse & Co.), is an attempt to arouse public attention to the importance of civil-service reform, the use of competitive examination for appointments, the evils of the spoils system, of legislative and electoral corruption, and of the unlimited power of removal. We have expressed our opinions upon all these subjects, and so often that none of our readers can possibly be ignorant of our sympathies. Hence it is without danger of misapprehension that we feel obliged to record an unfavorable opinion of Mr. Clarke's book. Its principal value consists in bringing together a very large number of utterances publicly made by some of our most honorable, intelligent, and celebrated statesmen on the unmitigated and self-perpetuating harm done by the spoils system, and the absolute need of some efficient check by law on its operation. To these are added some similar warnings from the experience of other countries. But these extracts are joined in a rambling and unsystematic way; they are interspersed with editorial comments and suggestions much more smart than profound; some branches of the subject are very exhaustively treated, others are but sketched out. Matter, whether original or quoted, is thrust in just when it seems to strike the editor's fancy, and not on any principle of historical or philosophical development. Mr. Hawthorne's notorious "interview" of Mr. Lowell, and a singularly unpleasant passage from Lamon's Life of Lincoln, are thrust in with no relevancy at all, simply disfiguring without illustrating the page. The English has a strong savor of Philistia, in spite of the admirable models afforded by the quotations. Considering how entirely sound Mr. Clarke's cause is, and how much excellent material he has collected, it is a great pity that he has done his work so clumsily.

—It is not very clear upon what principle the series of volumes entitled "The Great French Writers" is made up. Mme. de Sévigné and George Sand may properly appear, but Montesquieu, like Adam Smith in England, belongs not to the class of writers, but rather to that of philosophers or statesmen. The same is true of the subject of the volume on Turgot, by Léon Say, although Turgot was also a man of affairs. But, however this may be, we are glad to welcome the book in this very satisfactory translation (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) as a help to the better understanding of one of the purest and most estimable of French ministers. It is common to say of him that he did not know how to deal with men, that he had not the qualities that secure success. But M. Say makes it clear that he did attain success, though not in time to save France from revolution, for it was owing to him that freedom of labor was established. Nor is it probable that any man could have averted the Revolution; for that could have been done only by such reforms as Turgot proposed, and the feebleness of the King, the folly of the Queen, and the selfishness of the nobles made the task impossible. Attainable reform would, under the circumstances, have been a sham, and it was because Turgot insisted upon genuine reforms that he was overthrown. M. Say has introduced the recently discovered letters of Turgot to the King, in which the situation is clearly defined. The story of his life is agreeably told, although there is little of incident to enliven it.

—More fortunate in some respects was another great French minister, Maximilien de Béthune, Marquis and Duke of Sully, whose 'Économies Royales,' as condensed by M. Joseph Chailley, forms one of the volumes in the "Petite Bibliothèque Économique" (Paris: Guillaumin & Cie.). The extracts which M. Chailley has made from this enormous work are sufficient to convince us that it is "d'une lecture difficile et même pénible." But those who are not deterred by the involved style and archaic language of the work will find the materials for forming a judgment of the Government of Henri IV. and Sully far more satisfactory than the views of most historians. As to the work accomplished in the reformation of the finances, we can only say that Sully, during the few years of his administration, succeeded in paying off about 100,000,000 francs of debt, in recovering to the Crown immediately or prospectively estates to the value of 80,000,000 francs, in greatly increasing the revenues, in substantially reducing the expenses, and withal in restoring prosperity to the impoverished people. How this was brought about—the incessant and desperate contests with aristocratic plunderers; the quarrels with the benevolent but too generous King, who sometimes did not dare to tell his minister of his losses at play, but who always supported him, and whose letters to him are charmingly confiding; the naïve views of political economy and finance—all this may be studied with edification in the pages of this little book, which often reminds one of the conversations of an Oriental despot with his Grand Vizier.

—The recent resignation by M. Pasteur of the office of Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences gives occasion to the *Temps* to remark upon certain curious formalities that are still observed in the academies upon the death or resignation of a member. It is the rule in the Academy of Sciences that when a member is elected Perpetual Secretary, his seat in the department to which he specially belongs becomes vacant. If this rule were strictly enforced, M. Pasteur, instead of going back to his department of mineralogy, would not be, unless he were reëlected, a member of the Academy at all. But by a sort of academic fiction a chair is held to be occupied until an official declaration of its vacancy is made, and so M. Pasteur falls back into his old place without trouble. In the Academy of Inscriptions the rule is stricter, and the process by which a vacancy is declared is more formal and odd. At the end of a month after the death of a member the President is required to take a vote by ballot upon the question whether so-and-so, a deceased member, shall be replaced. The members vote aye or no. If the ayes have it, this vote is held to be the formal declaration of a vacancy, and a date is set for the examination of candidates for the chair. In the Académie Française it is customary to delay the announcement of a vacancy for a space of time proportioned to the distinction of its latest occupant, so that the period that elapses before a member's seat is filled is a rough-and-ready measure of his reputation among his colleagues. In the Academy of Medicine the whole matter is in the hands of the Bureau and the Administrative Council, who may declare vacancies at such times as they see fit.

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—Attention has repeatedly been called to the great increase of the income of the Harvard College Observatory within the past decade, and more especially within the last two or three years. No less often has the material advancement of astronomical science through their expenditure been remarked. That the astronomers of Europe fully recognize this, is evidenced in one way by the prizes awarded to the Director by foreign scientific societies. His last annual report shows a further widening of the fields of the Observatory's work. The co-operation of other institutions and individuals has been secured, especially in the department of meteorology; and the Director hopes that the work now in progress will show that, in scientific institutions as well as in the industrial arts, large sums of money can be expended much more economically than small ones. Mrs. Draper's continued liberality permits the Henry Draper Memorial work to progress rapidly, and the end of the first large research in this department is now nearly reached. In the complete survey of the spectra of all the brighter stars an eight-inch telescope has been employed. More than six hundred plates have been taken, and nearly 28,000 spectra have been examined. As the photographic intensities of the spectra have also been measured, astronomers have thus for the first time a standard measure of stellar light by which the stars of different colors may be compared. This same telescope is now mounted near Lima, Peru, for the purpose of extending the research to all the stars of the southern hemisphere not visible here. The study of the spectra of the brighter stars continues at Cambridge with an eleven-inch telescope, and has been extended by the use of plates which have been stained with erythrosin. In the spectrum of Sirius, for example, all lines except those due to hydrogen are very faint. However, the positions of nearly four hundred of them have been measured.

—The work under the auspices of the Boyden Fund has afforded more definite plans for the proposed mountain observatory. The meteorological fitness of the Colorado mountains is under investigation, in which General Greely and Prof. Loud are affording much assistance. The expedition to Peru, in charge of Mr. Bailey, to be joined later by Mr. Pickering, will undertake special work for ascertaining the steadiness and transparency of the atmosphere in those regions. Meanwhile, the minute investigation of the atmospheric conditions at Cambridge pursues very interesting lines, in order to show precisely what results may be expected at or near the sea level. Numerous double stars have been photographed, also the satellites of Mars, Saturn, and Uranus. The Paine Fund of the Observatory is nearly unrestricted in the conditions of its use, and it aids thus in every part of the work. The meridian photometer, an important instrument of Prof. Pickering's original devising, has now completed seven years of work, the main outcome of which was the publication of the Harvard Photometry of all stars to the sixth magnitude. This scale has since been extended to the ninth magnitude, and the instrument has now been sent to Peru, where the Harvard Photometry will be extended to the south pole of the heavens. For other details of the activity of the Observatory, the report of Prof. Pickering must be consulted. The increasing interest of the establishment in purely meteorological work is worthy of note, particularly in reference to the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, the observations at which will hereafter appear in the Harvard Annals, while the eventual consolidation of the two institutions is contemplated. The coöperation of observers of variable stars has been greatly extended, and much valuable material has in this way been made available at little cost above that of publication. The dropping of the Boston time-ball is accomplished with unusual precision.

WILSTACH'S DIVINE COMEDY.

The Divine Comedy of Dante, Translated into English Verse, with Notes, by John Augustine Wilstach. 2 vols., 8vo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

Mr. Wilstach's translation of the 'Divina Commedia' is so distinctly commonplace, or worse, that it would not be worth while to speak of it at any length, had not certain reviews of it which have appeared as advertisements taken pains to praise it highly. According to them the translation is the fruit of scholarly and careful study; and its superior merits, its poetic purity, its copious explanatory notes, and so forth, will, it is predicted, win for it the place of the standard English edition of the poem. After such announcements it is certainly worth while to examine the translation in some detail.

In the first place, the notes are mainly composed of selections from and paraphrases of the notes of Longfellow and Carlyle on the 'Inferno,' and of Longfellow and Butler on the 'Purgatory' and the 'Paradise.' The following are fair illustrations. Longfellow says in his note to *Purg.* xxxi, 116:

"The color of Beatrice's eyes has not been passed over in silence by the commentators. Lani, in his *Annotazioni*, says: 'They were of a greenish blue, like the color of the sea.' Melchior Messirini, who thought he had discovered a portrait of Beatrice as old as the fourteenth century, affirms that she had 'splendid brown eyes.' Dante here calls them emeralds; upon which the *Ottimo* comments thus," etc.

Mr. Wilstach's note is:

"The eyes of Beatrice. 'A greenish blue,' says Lani, 'like the color of the sea.' By Melchior Messirini, who claimed to have discovered a portrait of Beatrice, dating as far back as the fourteenth century, she is declared to have had 'splendid *brown* eyes.' On Dante's 'emeralds' the *Ottimo* comments thus," etc.

Again, Longfellow's note to *Purg.* xxix, 41 is: "The Muse of Astronomy, or things celestial, represented as crowned with stars and robed in azure. Milton . . . makes the same invocation." Mr. Wilstach's note is: "The Muse of Astronomy, or things celestial, whom art represents as robed in azure and crowned with a coronet of stars. Milton . . . invokes her," etc. These examples, taken almost at random, indicate fairly well the relation of Longfellow's notes to many of Mr. Wilstach's.

How many of the commentaries which Mr. Wilstach cites he has ever seen, it is not easy to say. There are certain names of German and Italian critics which one looks for instinctively in an index to notes on the 'Divine Comedy.' Of these names many are absent from Mr. Wilstach's index, and the works of those whose names are found there seem to have been known only at second hand. For instance, there are eleven references in the index to passages in which King John of Saxony, better known as "Philalethes," is cited as an authority. One of these passages is not to be found, but in the other ten the references to Philalethes are virtually paraphrases of the corresponding references in Butler's notes. In two instances Mr. Wilstach has made an error in transferring a quotation from Philalethes from Butler's notes to his own. If we must make use of other people's information without giving them credit for it, let us at least do it accurately. Again, Mr. Wilstach seems beyond a doubt to know nothing of Scartazzini's edition of the 'Commedia,' the most helpful modern edition. He quotes it once, to be sure, but the quotation is taken—without acknowledgment, of course—from Butler. Witte, too, is cited twice in a casual way, and evidently at second hand.

When Mr. Wilstach does stray from the excellent sources of information which have been mentioned, the result is curious. Usually his remarks are absolutely commonplace. Sometimes he makes blundering errors, as in his reference to the 'Vita Nuova' in his note to *Purg.* xxix, 85. Sometimes he comments on a borrowed piece of information in such a way as to show that he does not appreciate it, as in the note to *Purg.* xiv, 106. Sometimes he makes rash statements, as in the note to *Purg.* ix, 1. Oftener he shows an inadequate acquaintance with what has been written on his subject. What annotator, for instance, who had read what has been written of late years about Guittone d'Arezzo, would think of putting off the interested reader with "to him Carey, whose judgment has value, assigns a distinguished place in literature" (note to *Purg.* xxiv, 56)? Occasionally he is plainly inaccurate. Guido Cavalcanti, for example, died on August 27 or 28, not in December (note to *Inf.* x, 60).

There is, moreover, about the notes a sort of cheap American wit, the wit that tries to be "smart." The reader could forgive the long note that is lugged in (*Par.* vi, 44), beginning, "American annals have produced an American Camillus: Sitting Buffalo, usually called Sitting Bull, Tatonkaiyontonka, a chief of the Dakotas," or even the three sprawling, rambling pages on the Constitution of the United States, Roger Williams, decisions of Supreme Courts, and various other things (*Inf.* xix). But such attempts at jokes as that in the note on Asdente (*Inf.* xx, 118) are unpardonable; so, too, are Mr. Wilstach's extraordinary "smart" sayings about Beatrice in his notes to canto xxxiii of the 'Purgatory,' *e. g.*: "Savors of coquetry"; "We may imagine that the woman, Beatrice Portinari, is pouting, while the divine Beatrice, the symbol of theological truth, is absent from the scene"; "The jealous woman!" Were one writing a comment to Josh Billings, these would no doubt be the kind of remarks which the text would suggest. But to say "smart" things about Dante is the very height of the inappropriate.

Mr. Wilstach's translation is no less extraordinary than his notes. He explains in his preface that only by a rhymed translation can one hope to approximate a reproduction of the effect created by the original.

"The form," he goes on to say, "is so inseparable from the soul of the work as to compel the translator to accept all the risks involved in order to represent it. . . . It is hoped that one may be pardoned for putting himself under bonds, and denying himself the freedom which inevitably leads to the expression of too much of the translator's personality. Fidelity to the Italian poet has therefore been the *jus et norma* of the translator's dealing with the text."

It is curious to find an author who shrinks from the *freedom* of a prose translation, and prefers verse because he can in that way be more faithful to the text. However, let us test Mr. Wilstach's translation by his own ambitions—fidelity and accuracy. It is made in ten-syllabled verse. The first lines of each pair of *terzine* usually rhyme. The second and third lines of each *terzina* rhyme. The arrangement of rhymes is, then, *abb, acc, dee*, etc. The

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quality of the verse is on the whole that of a rhymed paraphrase of a prose translation. It bears sometimes so little resemblance to the original that one wonders if the author had ever read Dante in Italian. In the first place, words, phrases, sometimes whole lines, are put in to fill up the verse and to make out the rhymes. Dante says (*Inf.* v, 50): "Master, who are those people whom the black air thus lashes?" (Carlyle). Mr. Wilstach translates: "Master, *I fain would know* Who are these people whom the darkening air So *seems* to lash *and buffet, beat, and tear.*" *Un bel fiumicello* (*Inf.* iv, 108) is "a stream *with prattling falls.*" *Questo passammo* (*Inf.* iv, 109) is "We pass the *dimpling stream.*" Marzia (*Inf.* iv, 128) becomes "Marcia, *pure of heart*"; Corniglia, "Cornelia gemmed"; Lavinia *sua figlia* (*Inf.* iv. 126), "Lavinia *with her wedding-ring*"(!). Adjectives and short phrases are inserted without the slightest provocation, and it is doubtful if there are five consecutive lines in the whole translation in which there is not some noticeable addition to Dante's idea. For last illustrations take these: Dante writes (*Inf.* ii. 111, 112),

"Com' io, dopo cotal parole fatte,
Venni quaggiù del mio beato scanno."

Mr. Wilstach translates: "As I, when *sweet From sacred lips came forth this message meet*, My seat to leave *with all its glories strewed.*" The description of Charon, "Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal, beckoning them, collects them all; smites with his oar whoever lingers" (Carlyle), reads, "Demoniac Charon with his eyes like coals *That glow in furnaces keen*, collects the crowd, His *stout* oar those who linger smiting *loud.*" And this is fidelity in translating a writer who weighs his adjectives like fine gold. What would Mr. Wilstach have written had he not avoided the freedom of a prose translation?

In the second place, Mr. Wilstach never scruples to insert a figure of speech of his own when Dante uses none, or to change one which does not meet his approbation. Such instances as follow are not rare; similar ones can be found on almost every page. "She is Semiramis, of whom we read that she succeeded Ninus, and was his spouse" (Carlyle, *Inf.* v. 58), is translated: "Semiramis she is; her consort Nisus. he *Left her his throne when death's knell set him free.*" Again, "And I saw the great Achilles, who fought at last with love" (Carlyle, *Inf.* v. 65-6), becomes, "And saw the great Achilles who, at last, *Through love the line of safety rashly past.*" A little below: "And more than a thousand shades he showed me, whom love had parted from our life," becomes, "And until More than a thousand flitted, had he shown Me with his finger *where love's wrecks were strewn.*" It is scarcely worth while to cite more. The translation is entirely destitute of the two qualities which are most marked in Dante, simplicity and directness. The simplest, plainest statement must be tortured into a roundabout form; *e. g.*, "Dirotti brevemente, mi rispose, Perch' io non temo di venir qua entro," has to be turned into "Thee briefly will I tell the reason why No fear me kept within those regions high."

Lastly, the translation, the paraphrase rather, is not intelligible. There are cantos in it which no English-speaking person could read aloud understandingly without the greatest effort, and that, too, when the corresponding cantos in the original are absolutely simple. Mr. Wilstach's prefatory sonnet to Dante is perhaps not an unfair example of the lucidity with which he writes, and as such is worth giving in full:

"Poet divine, or, yet, in terraces meek
The effulgent Cross of southern oceans lights,
Or, throned where Seraphs, in empyrean heights,
Close contemplation of the Highest seek;
Thy heaviest woes from wrath that factions wreak,
Thy keen resentments voiced in melody's flights,
Safe thou from Minos and infernal rites;
On whose behalf was Beatrice moved to speak
With Virgil's shade, his aid expert to pray;
On this thine humble follower's task do thou
Look down benign! Since went thy soul its way
From out the western waves hath risen, and now
Halls thy great Muse, a realm more wide than Rome's.
And give thy themes their thoughts its studious homes."

To sum up: Mr. Wilstach's notes are not accurate, they are not scholarly, they are not at first hand. His translation is not faithful, it is not accurate, it is not intelligible. Is there any excuse for such a piece of work when we have Longfellow's faithful translation in verse-form, and the excellent version by Carlyle of the Inferno in prose? Is it likely that Mr. Wilstach's translation will become the standard one in English? We think not, nor can we look forward with pleasure to the appearance of Mr. Wilstach's "companion volume, devoted to Dante, the Danteans, and things Dantean."

BANCROFT'S CALIFORNIA.—II.

California. Vol. VI. (1848–1859). [History of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. XVIII.] San Francisco: The History Co. 1888. 8vo, pp. xii, 787.

MISTAKES about minor authorities such as our previous notice illustrated must, of course, occur in the course of an elaborate undertaking like this. The chief difficulty that they cause us lies in the distrust they must needs give us of the more important results of our author, when he has to judge greater and more doubtful matters, such as the general tone of society in the early days, the general trend of the political movements of the years before the war, and the characters of leading public men. As to the social order, to be sure, Mr. Bancroft avoids serious problems by giving us, in general without extravagance, a very full description of rather well-known classes of facts. His material is vast; but there is surely much yet to be done in the way of estimating the real social forces at work. That California society was in a sense cosmopolitan we know, but nobody has yet shown us just how much and in what sense its forms and its tone were determined by foreign and how much by American influences. The foreign influences—the Sidney convicts, the Spanish-Americans, the bull-fights, the gambling sports, the dances, and the rest—were of a nature to display themselves very openly. In consequence, the American account of the early days has often explained what happened by saying that Americans went out as honest miners, but found themselves surrounded, corrupted, and even abused by wicked foreigners, until at last they arose in their might, lynched and intimidated the foreigners, and so made all well. To this notion Mr. Bancroft's facts give, on the whole, no great countenance; but really to understand the society of the early days we still need much more statistical and systematic knowledge of the relative numbers and of the relative behaviors of the various constituents of the population than we yet possess. Although complete information upon this subject will never be obtainable, there is doubtless much more possible than Mr. Bancroft has yet accomplished in the way of a scientific examination of the sociology of the gold period. So full are all who describe those days of a sense of the wonder of the thing, that it is still very hard to get men to study the subject simply and straightforwardly, and to look upon early California as a highly interesting collection of largely abnormal but still, for that very reason, so much the more instructive social and psychological phenomena.

Upon one interesting topic in particular Mr. Bancroft furnishes, as was indeed almost necessary in so general a work, very little important information, and that is upon the workings of early municipal government. To be sure, two chapters of the volume are devoted to the Annals of San Francisco, and, in the chapter on "City-building," the fortunes of Sacramento during its first few years are briefly summarized. But such annalistic summaries are far from being scientific analyses; and surely, while the annals of cities as such are likely to mean little but confusion and weariness to the general reader, serious examinations of the inner lives of cities are at present among our greatest desiderata. And, as some study of the facts has convinced the present reviewer, no cities could well furnish within so narrow a range more instructive lessons, at any rate in the pathology of municipal government, than could San Francisco and Sacramento, if their records and newspaper files were carefully and scientifically scrutinized for the first ten years of the gold period. The changes were so rapid, the municipal needs to be met were so varied, the devices used were so manifest, the evils were so great, and the reforms of the immediately pressing evils were in more than one case so swift and so complete, that the whole forms a sort of hospital study of numerous forms of acute municipal derangement, with several remarkable cases of at least temporary cure. Professor Moses, in his 'Beginnings of Municipal Government in San Francisco' (in the Johns Hopkins "Studies"), has really led the way in a field where no small service can be done to political science. And we would strongly urge upon intelligent Californians of wealth the propriety of encouraging such studies, say, at the University of California, by founding a fund for prize essays on early municipal government in California, and on other related questions. Surely, with the appearance of Mr. Bancroft's book, the day of mere annals ought to end. What Californians now have to do is to *understand* their early history, which, properly viewed, is a treasure-house of instruction in curious social and mental phenomena.

But we come at last to the portion of Mr. Bancroft's book where of necessity he moves on the most doubtful ground, and where, at the same time, his results have a very high interest, even if we cannot always agree with him. We refer to the political history of the *ante-bellum* days in California. As was to be expected, this history becomes very largely an account of the great contest between Broderick and Gwin, and the culminating point of the whole is his characterization of David Broderick, the Irish stone-cutter's son, who became by dint of courage and good fortune a Senator of national reputation, and whose tragic death made him a popular hero. To characterize Broderick in public is, as everybody in San Francisco knows, to offend some one very seriously; but Mr. Bancroft is obliged to take sides, and he takes, on the whole, the easier side. Broderick was a lone, sad, heroic, solemn, burning, aspiring soul, a born hero, the noblest of his race, with steel-blue eyes that occasionally shot sparks of fire. He was incorruptible, although it must be confessed that on occasion he corrupted other people. He was too lofty a being to desire the spoils of office, although, when he became Senator, his first thought was how to secure the most of them for his friends,

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His whole life was a battle against baseness, insomuch that he once made a disgraceful bargain with his enemy, Gwin, about the distribution of Federal patronage. This bargain he treated as confidential, denying its existence until he was sufficiently angry at Gwin, when he gave himself the lie, and described it in full. The combined chivalry hereupon plotted to slay him in the course of a projected series of duels, but, as he was a noble-hearted man and no fire-eater, he, for his part, only plotted to slay his Senatorial colleague, Gwin, since duelling was opposed to the Constitution of his State, and could not properly be pursued to excess by any good citizen, however lone or burning or aspiring his soul. Unfortunately Terry interposed and Broderick was killed. He was not buried in consecrated ground, a fact which leads Mr. Bancroft to denounce priestcraft with some vigor.

If, however, one wonders, on reading this statement of Broderick's virtues, why we say that Mr. Bancroft, in eulogizing him with so much eloquence, takes the easier side in an old California controversy, we can only reply that the inquirer knows not Broderick, nor the generation that lived side by side with Broderick. If anything, indeed, is remarkable in California history to an outsider, surely Broderick's great reputation, if viewed at all closely, will seem not the least of the marvels. The lovers of Broderick are always so inarticulate, so given to metaphors and interjections, so incapable of a rational statement of the faith that is in them! And, on the other hand, a critic of Broderick finds his way, from a purely rational point of view, so plain! And yet, we repeat the paradox, to eulogize Broderick in that inarticulate fashion is, after all, for an average progressive Californian, especially if he be of Northern stock, so much easier than to condemn him on those plain rational grounds. For, first of all, Broderick was by common consent a fascinating and baffling personality—lovable, to be sure, and ferocious, like many another Irishman, but withal a lonesome, dignified, melancholy man, whom people could not fathom, and whom all his friends accordingly regarded as full of deep and wonderful promise and power. This was simply the actual personal effect produced by the man upon others. Hence a leader who was probably no great wonder of depth at all, and who was merely an ambitious but comparatively ignorant man, who worked hard to improve his wits, who brooded much over all his failures, and who was very jealous, warm-hearted, high-spirited, and selfish, became, in the eyes of admirers and even of enemies, a mystery and a genius. And next, Broderick, partly by fortune and partly by choice, was led to take sides with the distinctively Northern section of his party. Thus he gradually became more and more nearly an anti-slavery man. Had he lived to see the war, he would have been a prominent Republican leader. He was hated violently by the Southerners for years; he was long the only man in California who could meet them successfully in political warfare; and his death at the hands of Judge Terry made him seem to the Republicans of the war times a martyr of the John Brown type. That his warfare against the chivalry expressed much more his private personal ambitions than his patriotism, was easily forgotten. He had opposed the extension of slavery in the Territories, and he had attacked Buchanan's Administration. Was not this enough? Some men, indeed, opposed the extension of slavery because they loved human freedom, whereas Broderick did so because he hated Gwin. Some men assailed Buchanan's Administration because they found it evil, while Broderick joined their number chiefly because Buchanan gave him no share in the Federal patronage. But such defects are of very small importance in case of a martyr for a great cause, and so one in vain reminds Broderick's friends of the plain facts. Finally, as to Broderick's obvious lack of principle in conducting his political warfare, his admirers have only to reply, as Mr. Bancroft in effect does, that no politician could possibly have succeeded in those days in California whose incorruptible soul was unwilling to disguise its honesty under unrighteous cloaks. Everything was base except Broderick's noble purpose, and of course this noble purpose had to use bribery, corrupt associates, lies, and the rest, as its tools. The whole matter is therefore very plain, and to praise is far easier than to condemn. To be sure, Mr. John H. Hittell, in his 'History of San Francisco,' and yet more recently, in a criticism of Mr. Bancroft (*Overland Monthly* for January, 1889), has persisted in condemning Broderick as a corrupt demagogue, and in giving what we fancy to be very plain reasons for his view; but then, Mr. J. H. Hittell has long since shown himself to be comparatively destitute of poetical imagination, and has a fondness for insisting upon plain reasons, and for taking the unpopular side. To be sure, also, Mr. Bancroft himself, with praiseworthy frankness, puts on record most of the disgraceful facts of Broderick's career; but then, disgraceful facts count for so much less than noble sentiments!

After all, however, this paradoxical career and reputation of Broderick must be regarded as forming an episode at once very romantic and highly instructive in early California life. We often wonder that nobody has yet made Broderick the hero of a novel. We also often wonder why only local historians, such as Hittell, O'Meara, and Bancroft, should have been attracted by a story which illustrates in a very interesting way forces and conflicts that are still active in our national life.

MORE NOVELS.

First Harvests. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Charles Scribner's Sons.

Annie Kilburn. By W. D. Howells. Harpers.

The Countess Eve. By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co.

A Heart Regained. By Carmen Sylva. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Pen. By the Author of 'Laddie,' etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Remember the Alamo. By Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Testa. By Paolo Mantegazza. Translated from the Italian. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

In Far Lochaber. By William Black. Harpers.

Colonel Quaritch, V. C. By Rider Haggard. Harpers.

'First Harvests' is described on the title-page as "A Satire without a Moral." Thus, if it should have no other interest, it piques curiosity about what sort of a composition a satire without its pith and marrow may be. The subject is large, and one which, treated satirically, whether with biting invective or humorous extravagance, it is difficult to keep the moral out of. The 'First Harvests' are the first yield of the social seed sown by the founders of the Republic. If the author sees aright, the vigorous abundance of tares must embitter the joys of paradise for the long-departed fathers. Noxious weeds are everywhere, thriving equally amidst splendor and squalor, but the great stock of pristine virtue has perished, or lives only in wayside flowers. There is more moral than satire in this exhibition of our social conditions, and Mr. Stimson's definition seems to be at fault.

The first fruits described most minutely are apples of Sodom that cluster and dangle about a house situated on Fifth Avenue, and owned by Mrs. Levison-Gower, herself the ripest specimen. Precedence is given to these apples, not because they are the most prolific yield, but because they excite a frenzy of envy, and because to become one of them is the greatest good conceivable to multitudes. The influence of their baneful splendor is extended even to those whose heads they hang hopelessly above. Their tantalizing remoteness creates an impulse of destruction, surging occasionally into mad desire to tear them down and grind them in the dust of their own sacred precincts. The truth of this picture of almost universal devotion to pleasures which can be had for money, and eagerness to share them, is unquestionable; but, on examination of the separate apples, it turns out that, if no better than they should be, they are not so bad as they might be. The ashes concealed by a rosy surface are at the worst mere dry dust of folly. The author, or one of his characters, remarks that American society doesn't mean anything, having neither love nor politics for its end. That is why our society is dull and our society novel duller, and why the women in both have only decorative significance. The English knight-errant of the novel judged Mrs. Levison-Gower and her satellites with Old-World eyes. The author, in spite of his dark innuendoes, knows that they respected the commandments, for no authoritative preacher has declared that the women who merely vulgarize a nation are in danger of hell-fire. Mrs. Levison-Gower's experimental elopement with Mr. Wemyss illustrates very fairly her set's possibilities for iniquity. Nine out of ten of them would only have talked about eloping, and the tenth, like Mrs. Gower, would bring up at the hearth of "nice" relations in Boston.

Mr. Stimson's literary form and style have been perceptibly influenced by Thackeray, and by his social satire, with universally applicable moral, 'Vanity Fair.' Like Thackeray, he is at his best in independent addresses to the reader, but he has almost none of that novelist's art of combination, of grouping, of presenting a complete picture of individuals and a clear idea of their reciprocal influences. With the exception of Mrs. Gower, his people are only half made, and each one takes his way practically according to his will. Such liberty is not life, especially it is not social life. The interpolated reflections on a number of "burning questions" are generally sagacious and keen and admirably expressed. The poetical passages, apropos of nothing in particular, are very pleasant, and have the effect of a Roman punch served between courses—they encourage one to go on.

The scene of 'Annie Kilburn' is remote from that of 'First Harvests,' and the people are of a somewhat different breed; yet, nevertheless, one gathers from it that our God is Mammon, and that the Republic, in all that concerns a fine and high development of the race, is so far a failure. The New England conscience is wearing old, only showing fight in an irresolute Annie Kilburn with a propensity for meddling in the affairs of the "lower classes," or in a Mr. Peck, of vague and mystical utterance, pushing towards unpractical experiment. Mr. Howells in a way here justifies himself

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for what in former novels has been regarded as a rather wilful ignoring of the spiritual and intellectual elements of New England character. He pretends to write only what he sees, and now it appears that he doesn't see that traditional spirit and intellect because they are no longer there to see. The opening paragraphs of the thirteenth chapter explain his position quite clearly.

Taking away, then, the finer mental qualities and moral aspirations from the New England village become an American town, there remains a community neither agreeable nor profitable to dwell upon. No one but Mr. Howells could write a readable book about those whose interests are narrowly personal, whose motives are mostly petty and manners always bad. With the advantage of his literary facility and his wit, 'Annie Kilburn' is not more than readable. There are, of course, oases in the deserts of trivialities and censorious tattle, the most amusing of which is the description of Mrs. Munger's theatricals, and all the people who had to do with them. Here is an example of a very lively and effective kind of satire. The young ladies and gentlemen who would not infer the moral that they had better dissociate their desire to shine as *Romeos* and *Juliets* from beneficence towards the "lower classes," must be dull indeed.

Mr. Howells so seldom represents the improbable that his management of Putney, a prominent character, gives us a succession of surprises. This Putney is the acknowledged aristocrat of Hatboro', a man of education and a lawyer, with a refined wife. Yet he talks like a jocose and illiterate "drummer" of dazzling smartness, and loves to tell the stranger that every one in town has seen him drunk in the gutter. He behaves very indecently on the occasion of Mrs. Munger's theatricals, but popular sympathy, and apparently the author's, are with him against poor Mrs. Munger for having put rum in her lemonade. In the delineation of Putney the author's delight in saying bright things in surprisingly bad English seems to have blinded his judgment, and his preference for phraseology which defies grammar is noticeable besides in both narration and description.

If 'The Countess Eve' had been written at the time when its scene is laid, a century ago, the difference between the author's thought and literary style and that of his contemporaries whom we have just been considering could hardly have been greater. Mr. Shorthouse is entirely unaffected by the fashion of the day—it may be said, by the spirit of the age, from which the common belief is that no man can stand apart. The transient phases of life do not occupy him at all. His soul is filled with a conviction of the existence of positive sin and positive virtue, with their inevitable, eternal consequences. For him the devil is a personality and Christ a God. He takes his stand on the dogma of the Christian Church, and scorns that compromise which accepts Christ's ethics and rejects his divinity. The Countess Eve is tempted by the devil and saved by the Cross, but, for dallying with temptation, her beauty is for ever singed with the flame of the pit. The story is highly imaginative, humanly passionate, and picturesque. The form is thoroughly artistic, and the expression has a fitting elegance. All these qualities heighten the charm, but they do not make it. That springs from the same religious faith with which the old masters mixed the pigments that produced Madonnas and saints of a rapt and mystical beauty which we call heavenly.

The tales and poems of Carmen Sylva all show a keen sympathy with human suffering, whatever its origin or form, which is admirable and rare in common mortals and seems much more so in a queen. But her novel 'A Heart Regained' approaches dangerously near to what common mortals characterize as feeble sentimentality. Though a woman may forgive her brother who has sinned against her seven times seven, she can hardly forgive her husband, and that, too, with a generous ampleness which naturally encourages his sinful propensities. Moreover, in the interest of private and public morals, it is doubtful whether such tolerance is desirable. Léonie adopting the child of the woman whom her own husband has deceived and discarded, is a strong woman, whose reason dominates emotions essentially feminine; Léonie voluntarily divorcing herself, then taking to her heart the husband, the new wife, and their daughter, is a figure that excites a smile rather than respectful admiration. These episodes in Léonie's sorrowful life are narrated in a simple, straightforward, and graceful way which partially conceals their improbability. There is, indeed, a natural pathos in her grief and self-humiliation which at times makes us forget that the latter was self-inflicted and unworthy.

The author of 'Pen' is to the full as sentimental as is the Queen of Rumania, but expends her heart on less serious and more familiar situations. Authors are quite commonly blind to any lack of originality in their own compositions, so perhaps the author of 'Pen' may believe that the lines of her story entitle her to copyright. At all events, there is an air of good faith about it which will make it as good to the unsophisticated as if it had never been told before. The rising generation is the hope of the story-teller as well as of the nation, and doubtless there are thousands of possible readers who have never heard of that wilful daughter of a noble house who ran away with her drawing-master for the sake of his velveteen coat and the scarlet ribbon round his neck. So they cannot instantly predicate poverty, children, death, noble relatives to the rescue, wealth, and proper husbands, and happiness ever after. The knowledge that only one kind of literary edifice can be built on a given foundation is not instinctive, and this particular lesson of experience cannot be more agreeably or harmlessly learned than by following the fortunes of Penelope Brand.

'Remember the Alamo!' is another story which may be commended to youth. Mrs. Barr is clever in selecting historical events more romantic and dramatic than most fiction, and in weaving together instances of individual heroism. The episode of the revolt of American residents of Texas against Mexican rule affords her abundant material, which she uses to instruct the American youth concerning a small war of independence fought in what has since become a part of his own country, and to fire him with his forefathers' enthusiasm for "liberty or death." With such unimpeachable patriots as Davy Crockett and Sam Houston, such a bloody-minded villain as Santa Anna, and such thrilling events as the massacre of Goliad and the storming of the Alamo right at hand, there was small need of creating fictitious excitement. Sentimental love affairs add nothing to stories of this kind, but serve to diminish both their interest and value. Partisanship, too, is very well when it means patriotism, and when one is writing a story, not a critical commentary. But partisanship in questions of religious creed almost invariably assumes the bitterness of a personal prejudice. Undoubtedly the Catholic Church was opposed to the independence of Texas, which implied speedy Americanization; but no astute ecclesiastic ever tried to accomplish an end by the methods of brutal intimidation ascribed to the Señora Worth's confessor.

Mrs. Barr's story, with its generous allowance of fighting, is much more to the taste of American boys than is 'Testa,' addressed especially to boys by its Italian author. Mantegazza is a wise social philosopher, but he has much to learn about the literary methods through which a boy's fitful attention may be captured. From the preface, by Mr. Ventura, we learn that the Italian boy has been consistently neglected by literary men, and that 'Testa' is among the first acknowledgments of his existence as a rational animal, deserving of intellectual food. The offering is a great compliment to untried capacity, and seems to have been seized ravenously. Nevertheless we have a suspicion that most of the ten Italian editions were swallowed by his elders and judiciously doled out to the boy. Uncle Baciccia, whose accumulated philosophy of experience is poured for a whole year into the patient ears of little Enrico, reminds us strongly of Sam Johnson and of Ben Franklin. He combines the severe morals and explosive temper of the one with the general serenity, candor, and practical shrewdness of the other. At an early age he adopted Franklin's device of carrying about a written table of good resolutions, from which he too derived much moral support. But we must do Baciccia the justice to say that he seems quite free from the guile which helped to make the American sage great in diplomacy, and that he has a sweetness and idealism entirely his own. The translation of 'Testa,' which was made by a club of students of Italian in Bangor, is charmingly smooth and very faithful, bearing comparison with the best work of professional translators.

From some chapters of 'In Far Lochaber' it is evident that Mr. Black's affections do not embrace every human being north of the Cheviot Hills and Solway Firth. He almost seems to draw a dividing line of emotion about geographically parallel with Loch Linnhe and the Grampians. South of that, he can neither desire nor admire, but he can be decently fair. His delineation of the "dour Scotch," the stiff-necked, Free-Church Scotch who swear by the Covenant and hate the Establishment, who are incomparable kill-joys, is an illustration of justice without mercy. He gives credit for many recognized virtues to the Minister of Kirk o' Shields, and even to his elders and their wives. He refrains, too, from suggesting that almost every one of them may be possessed of a spirit of fanaticism as cruel and vindictive as was that of Balfour of Burley and the murderers of Archbishop Sharp. But he doesn't like the "unco guid" nor want anybody else to like them; he is glad to get off to the moor and heather and sing the hospitality, the prodigality, the impulsive, warm-hearted shiftlessness of the Celtic Highlanders. Arriving at 'Far Lochaber' he is delightedly at home, and infects the reader with his own sense of pleasure. In describing Captain Macdonell's feeling that difference of faith was no obstacle to his marriage with the Free Church minister's daughter, Mr. Black writes from the wrong point of view. Catholic indifferentism is not so thorough as Protestant. It would be very difficult to find a Highland Catholic who, wedding a Protestant wife, would not have at least a private intention of divorcing her from the Covenant.

Mr. Haggard's ingenuity fails him in 'Colonel Quaritch, V. C.,' and he is quite at his wits' end for something new and strange. In the beginning, we are told that treasure had

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been hidden by a Cavalier who died rather than deliver it over to the Roundheads. In the end, Colonel Quaritch digs the treasure out of a mound where every one has felt certain from the first that it lies concealed. No schoolboy would have bothered himself about the cipher, but, on hearing Miss de la Molle's story, would at once have attacked the mound with pick and shovel. The bulk of the book is given to an intrigue of the lowest sensational order, and the treasure and cipher must be regarded as the excuse for presenting it to the public in a form that may make the reading of it consistent with self-respect.

The Advance Guard of Western Civilization. By James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke). D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

THE title of this book is peculiarly appropriate, for Robertson, Donelson, and their associates unquestionably led the advancing line of civilization to the Cumberland, whence it pressed steadily forward to Arkansas and Texas. The story is worth telling, and the author has told it well. But it is the story rather of that class of writers who popularize science than of those who make original and decisive investigations. Mr. Gilmore, however, is not satisfied with being a "popularizer": he is also ambitious to acquire the laurels of the investigator, and to these he is not entitled. As his 'Rear-Guard of the Revolution' and his 'John Sevier as a Commonwealth Builder' were founded almost exclusively upon Ramsey's 'Annals,' so the present book is nothing if not a rehash of Putnam's 'History of Middle Tennessee,' garnished with some irrelevant matter about James Wilkinson. In his preface the author says:

"The narrative is the result of eight years' careful study of early events in the Southwest, nearly four of which years were passed upon the ground where the events occurred, and it is the author's sincere conviction that it may be accepted as authentic history." And again, "In the preparation of this volume, the writer has had the advantage of personal intercourse with the descendants of the men he portrays, and he has also consulted—so far as he knows—all that has been written upon the subject."

This is simply sailing under false colors. The events narrated by Mr. Gilmore, barring the appendix, have long been accessible to all students of Southwestern history. It would embarrass Mr. Gilmore to point out two important events narrated in his book, not also contained in Pickett's 'Alabama,' the Histories of Kentucky and Louisiana, and other equally accessible authorities. His "intercourse with the descendants of the men he portrays" has been of little service to him. The author's error lies in leading his readers to the belief that he has discovered and exploited an entirely new field of historical research. He is, however, merely a gleaner, not a discoverer.

Paradoxes of a Philistine. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1889. Pp. 192.

THIS volume of little essays, chiefly reprinted from *Lippincott's*, does not call for much comment on the part of the reviewer. It is another illustration of the fact that to fill a department in a magazine is very much like making bricks without straw, unless, like Howells, one happens to have a mission, or unless one is gifted, like Curtis, with a power of transmuting every subject which comes up into gold. Nevertheless, writing of a different kind may serve a useful purpose. This is an age of much sympathy with the undeveloped classes; the problem of practical charity which literature has ever before, it is to set forth the literary instinct in some such way as shall cause it to appeal to those who are as yet insensitive to it. The purpose which the regular writer in the monthly magazine may serve is to explain, if he knows it himself, the difference between literature and non-literature to those who do not know it. This purpose Mr. Walsh fulfils, on the whole, but badly. Much of what he has to say is open to no special objection, but much of it is of a tendency the reverse of elevating.

His principal note, if there is a principal note, is the belittling of great achievement; and the gospel which he feels most strongly called upon to set forth is that there is little difference between common men and great men. But this is a doctrine which is, from the scientific point of view, thoroughly incorrect. There is a diagram in Mr. Galton's book on 'Hereditary Genius' which is intended to illustrate the extraordinariness of great men, and which it is very instructive to carry about in one's mind. Human beings are represented by a column of scattered dots. In the middle of the column the dots are very thick, to represent the immense number of average men; further up they grow thinner and thinner, until near the top a very few, and finally one, serve to represent the greatest, who stand nearly or quite solitary and alone. Below the average there is a corresponding gradual thinning out, until one reaches the very small number of the most degraded idiots. But this diagram may serve to illustrate not only the distribution of greatness, but also the degree of admiration with which greatness ought to be regarded. In other words, the estimation in which we hold a great man, if we were disposed to scientific accuracy, ought to be apportioned to his degree of rarity. The unusualness of a giant is not to be measured, as Mr. Walsh seems to suppose, by the ratio between seven feet and six feet, and still less ought it to be depreciated by saying that twelve inches is a small matter compared with infinite space. It can only be correctly represented by the ratio of the number of people seven feet high to the number of people of the average height.

To drop the mathematical aspect of the question, to say that one man is as good as another is both false and highly inconducive to the progress of the race in greatness. There is no one thing which leads people on to better thoughts and feelings than those which are natural to them so much as a warm and generous admiration for the great either in intellect or in virtue. It is only a distorted sense of perspective which can permit a man to say that 'Leaves of Grass' is now recognized as a monumental addition to American literature; to instance Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, and Walt Whitman as greatest poets, and to say that "in our country to-day some of the most vital and vigorous verses are written by . . . Will Carleton and James Whitcomb Riley."

If the critic had any influence with Mr. Walsh, he would try to persuade him to give greater attention to values, and to take his monthly task more seriously.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, G. Force and Energy: A Theory of Dynamics. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.
Bell, Mrs. Hugh. Petit Théâtre des Infants: Twelve Tiny French Plays for Children. Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents.
Browne, Sir T. Religio Medici. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Butler, Sir W. General Gordon. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Carlyle, T. Sartor Resartus. Scribner & Welford. $2.
Case, T. Physical Realism; being an Analytical Philosophy from the Physical Objects of Science to the Physical Data of Sense. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.
Chesney, F. R. Operatic Tales. Scribner & Welford. $2.25.
Cram's Universal Atlas, Geographical, Astronomical, and Historical, containing a Complete Series of Maps of Modern Geography. George F. Cram. $3.75.
Dann, J. T. German Commercial Correspondence. For the Use of Schools. Longmans, Green & Co. 80 cents.
Davis, E. H. The Beginner's Reading Book. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 42 cents.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. Lives of the Fathers: Sketches of Church History in Biography. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $5.
Fawcett, E. Miriam Balestier: A Novel. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Fleming, G. The Truth about Clement Ker. Boston: Roberts Bros. 75 cents.
Fletcher, A. E. Sonnenschein's Cyclopædia of Education: A Handbook of Reference on all subjects connected with Education. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Ford, W. C. The Writings of George Washington. Vol. I. 1748—1757. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

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